MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

10¢

NO. 78

NOVEMBER

6TH NATIONAL BANK
NIGHT DEPOSI

Here's The Greatest Offer Ever Made To Amateur Camera Fans!

For Only $3.98 You Get A Complete
5-PIECE CANDID TYPE CAMERA OUTFIT
Plus a chance to WIN $500.00 CASH

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THE MARCH CORP.
MADE IN U.S.A.
STANDARD
127 FILM
STANDARD
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127 FILM

OUTFIT INCLUDES ALL THIS:
★ Genuine Prize-Winning PHOTO-CRAFT CAMERA
★ Shoulder Strap CARRYING CASE ★ 3 ROLLS No. 127 FILM
★ Entry Blank in Amateur Picture-Taking Contest for Best Pictures Taken with a Photo-Craft Camera

58 AWARDS TOTALING $1250
1st Prize .... $500 2nd Prize .... $250 3rd Prize $100
25-$10 Honorable Mentions $250 30-$5 Merit Awards...... $150

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PICTURES YOU TAKE TODAY
WILL BE THE TREASURES OF TOMORROW

And, with your very first Photo-Craft snapshot you may win a treasure for yourself, today. For your Prize Winning Photo-Craft Candid Camera outfit comes to you ready to go to work—with a handy shoulder strap carrying case AND enough film for 48 exposures—for only $3.98. Imagine getting for so little a camera capable of taking Prize Winning pictures! You need no special skill to operate a Photo-Craft. Even if you have never used ANY camera, the Photo-Craft is so simple and "picture-sure" that the first picture you take of a loved one, your mom or the family pet may be a "Prize Winner"—a picture that may earn for you as much as $500! And remember your Photo-Craft will also take full color pictures when loaded with colorchrome film. So whether for a gift or for yourself, order *your* Photo-Craft *now*. Complete details of the great $1,250 Prize Contest together with an entry blank are included with your prize-winning, 5-piece Photo-Craft Camera outfit.

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★ Genuine Grunau Ground and Pitch Polished Lens
★ Takes 16 Pictures on Any Standard No. 127 Film
★ Will Take Pictures in Full Color
★ Has "Bullseye" Level View Finder
★ Easy, Simple, Foolproof Operation
★ Built-in No-Glare Sun Shade

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GUARANTEE OF SATISFACTION

Yes, if you don't feel that your Photo-Craft is everything you expected, you may return it in 10 days for complete refund.

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608 South Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill.

Rush my Prize Winning Photo-Craft outfit at $3.98 with Handy Shoulder Strap Carrying Case and 3 rolls of No. 127 Film—and complete details of the Photo-Craft $1,250 Contest for Amateur Camera Fans.
My money will be refunded if returned in 10 days.

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☐ I'm enclosing $3.98 in full payment. Ship Postpaid.
☐ Ship C.O.D. I'll pay postman $3.98 plus postage.

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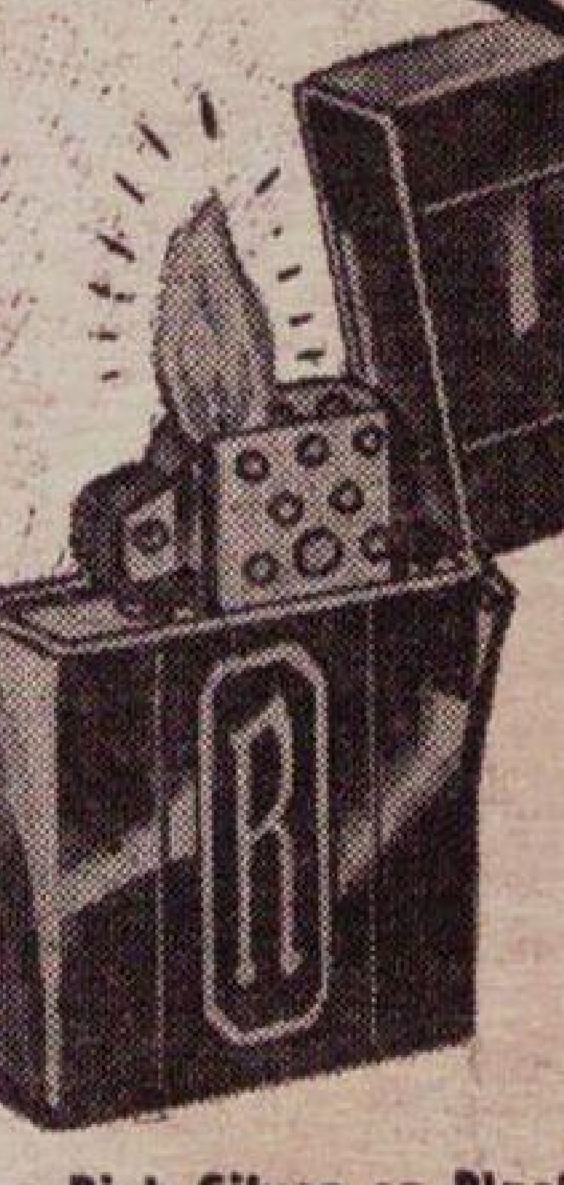
Windproof LIGHTER and POP-UP Plastic CIGARETTE CASE

Top slides open and pops up your favorite cigarette

BOTH FOR $2.98 TAX FREE POST PAID



A Matched Set You'll Be Proud To Give or Get

For Your Smoking Pleasure

Both Personalized With a Rich Silver on Black MONOGRAMMED INITIAL of your own choice

A THRILL BY THEMSELVES . . .
. . . A TRIUMPH TOGETHER

Take the lighter, for instance! It's a genuine "Feather Lite," cased in gleaming heat resistant black plastic. Famed for the instant, positive action it's the favorite "flame" of smokers the nation over. Just a twirl of your thumb lights it—and its wind guard *keeps it lit.* And if you want the joy of added smoking pleasure, your answer is the matching POP-UP cigarette case, which is actually a cigarette butler too, ready to serve you on split-second notice! *Every* cigarette that bobs up out of a POP-UP is invitingly fresh, firm and enjoyably fragrant! They're a peach of a pair, both yours to own for only $2.98—and if you don't think you've bought a double value after seeing your thrilling twosome—we'll refund your money *cheerfully* . . . quick as a flash . . . *And that's a promise!*

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Please rush Feather Lite Windproof Lighter and Matching POP-UP Cigarette case personalized with initial printed in box above.

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☐ I am enclosing $2.98. Send my Personalized Smoker Set Postpaid
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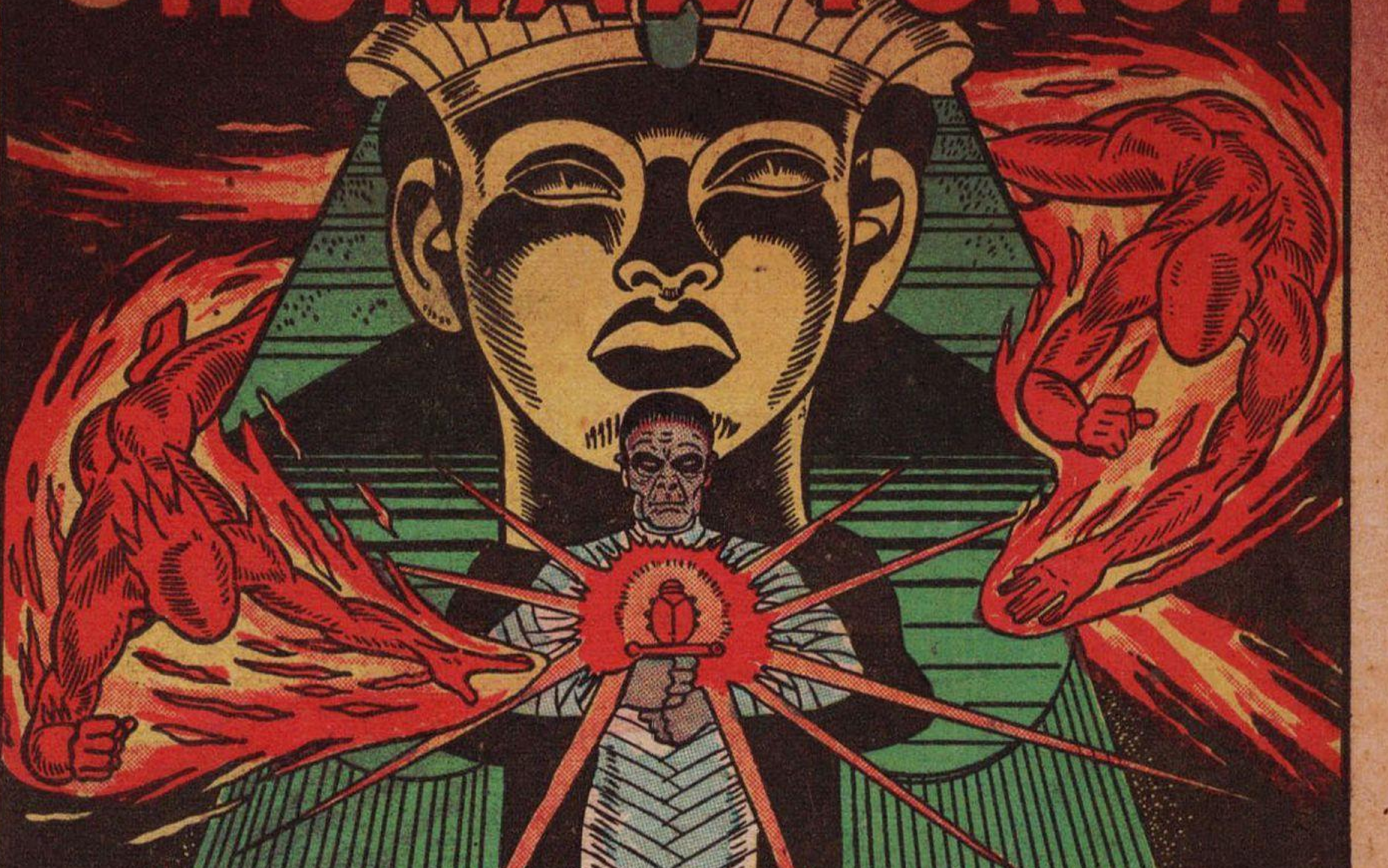
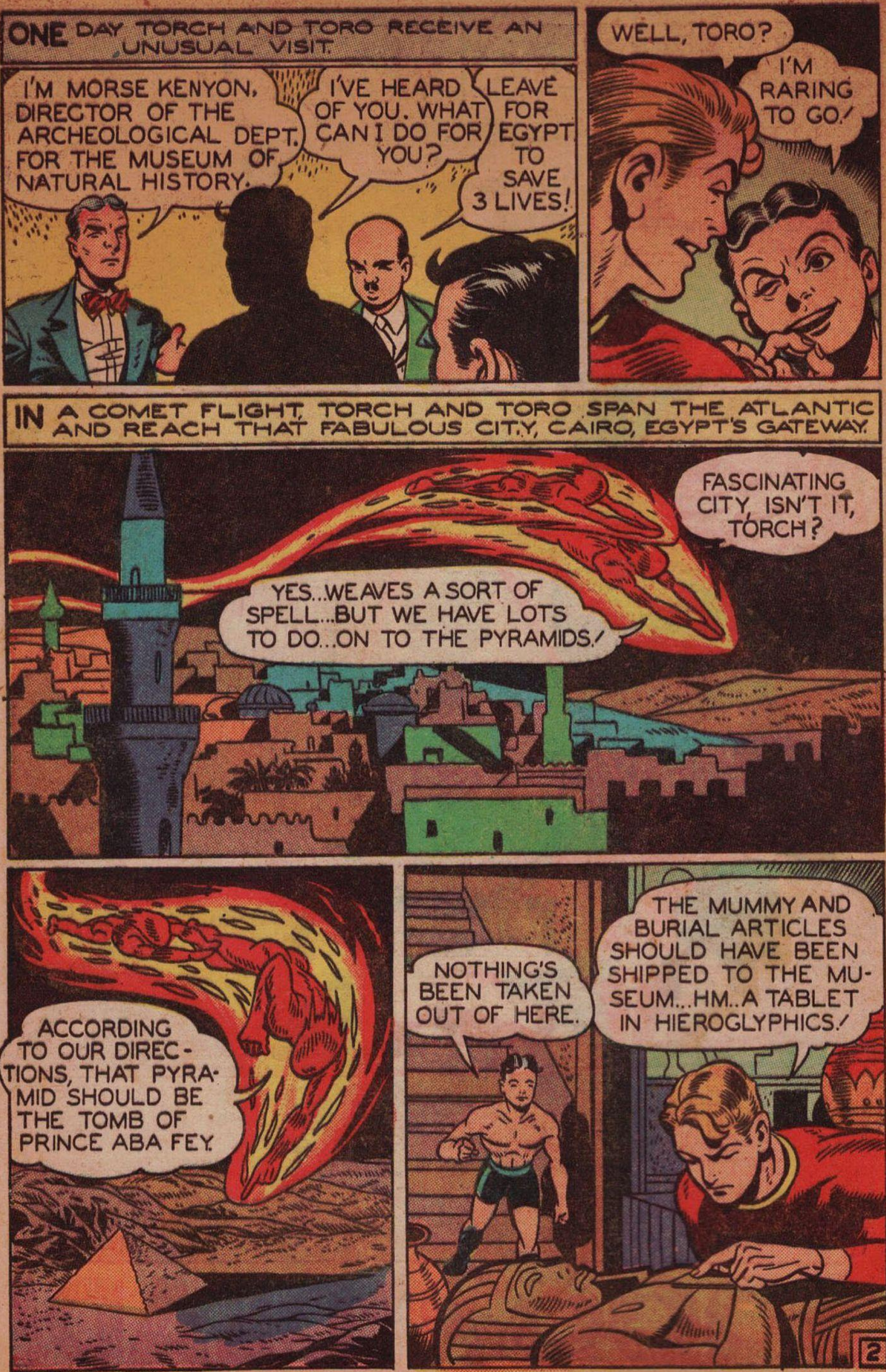
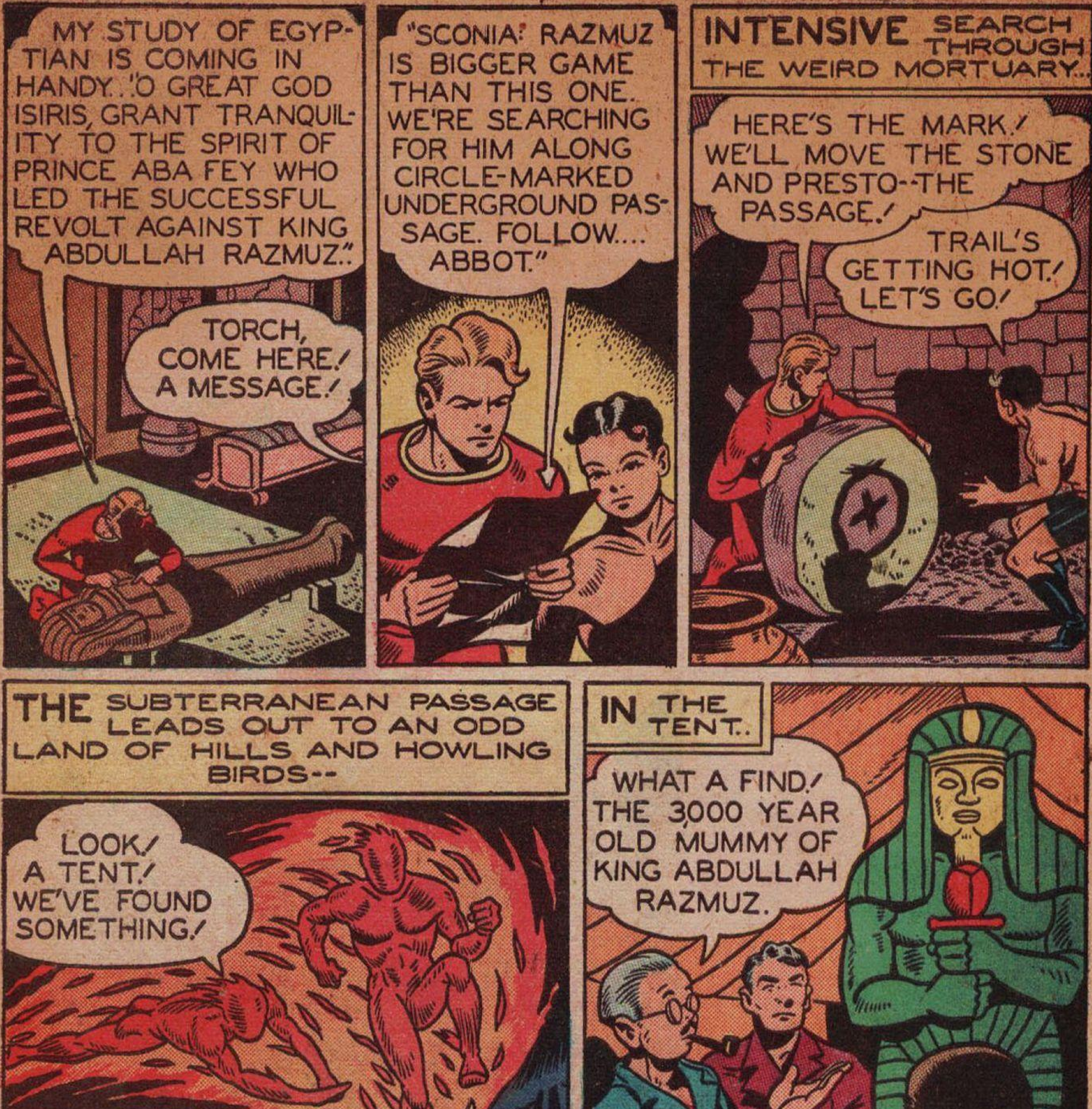
THE HUMAN TORCH

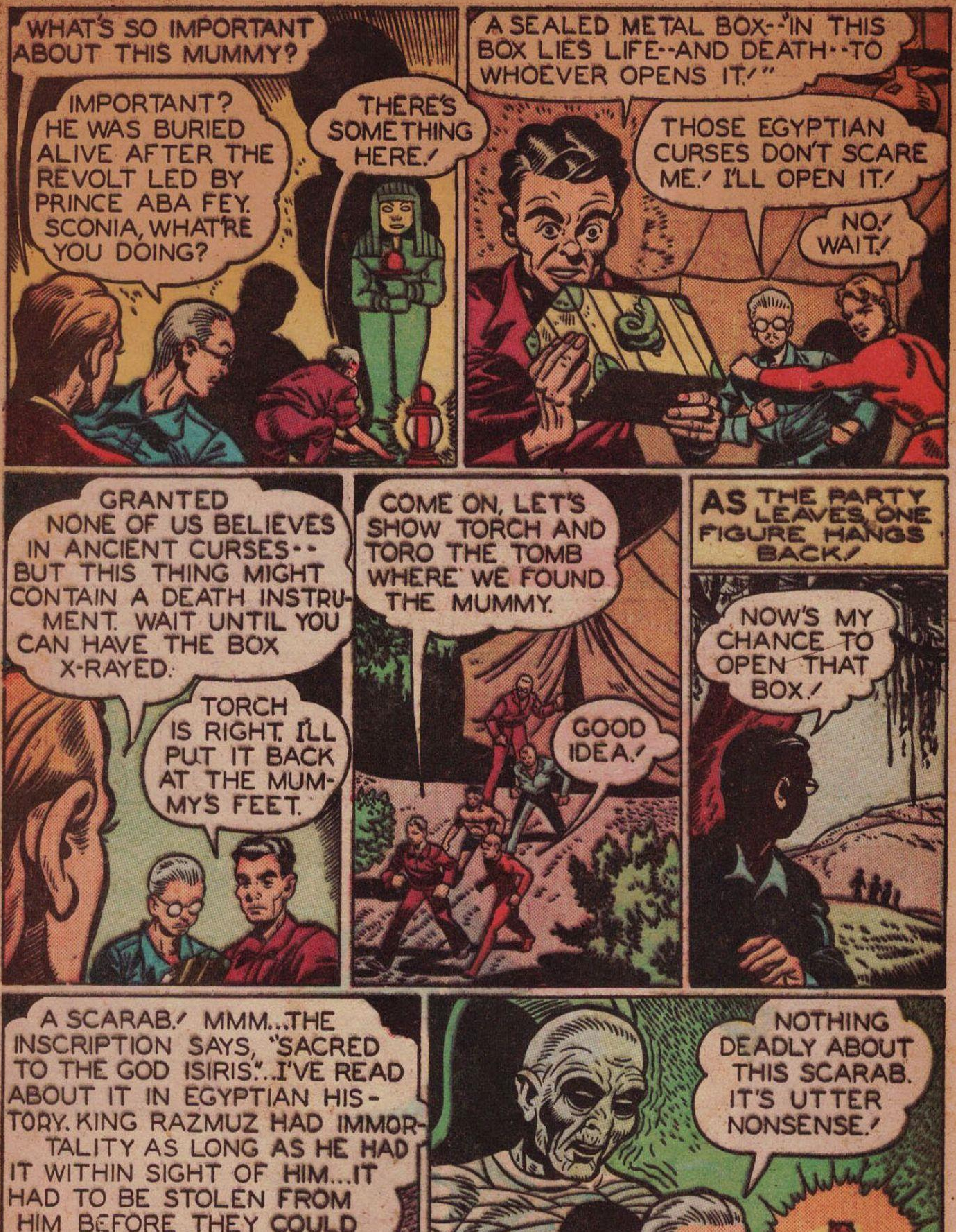


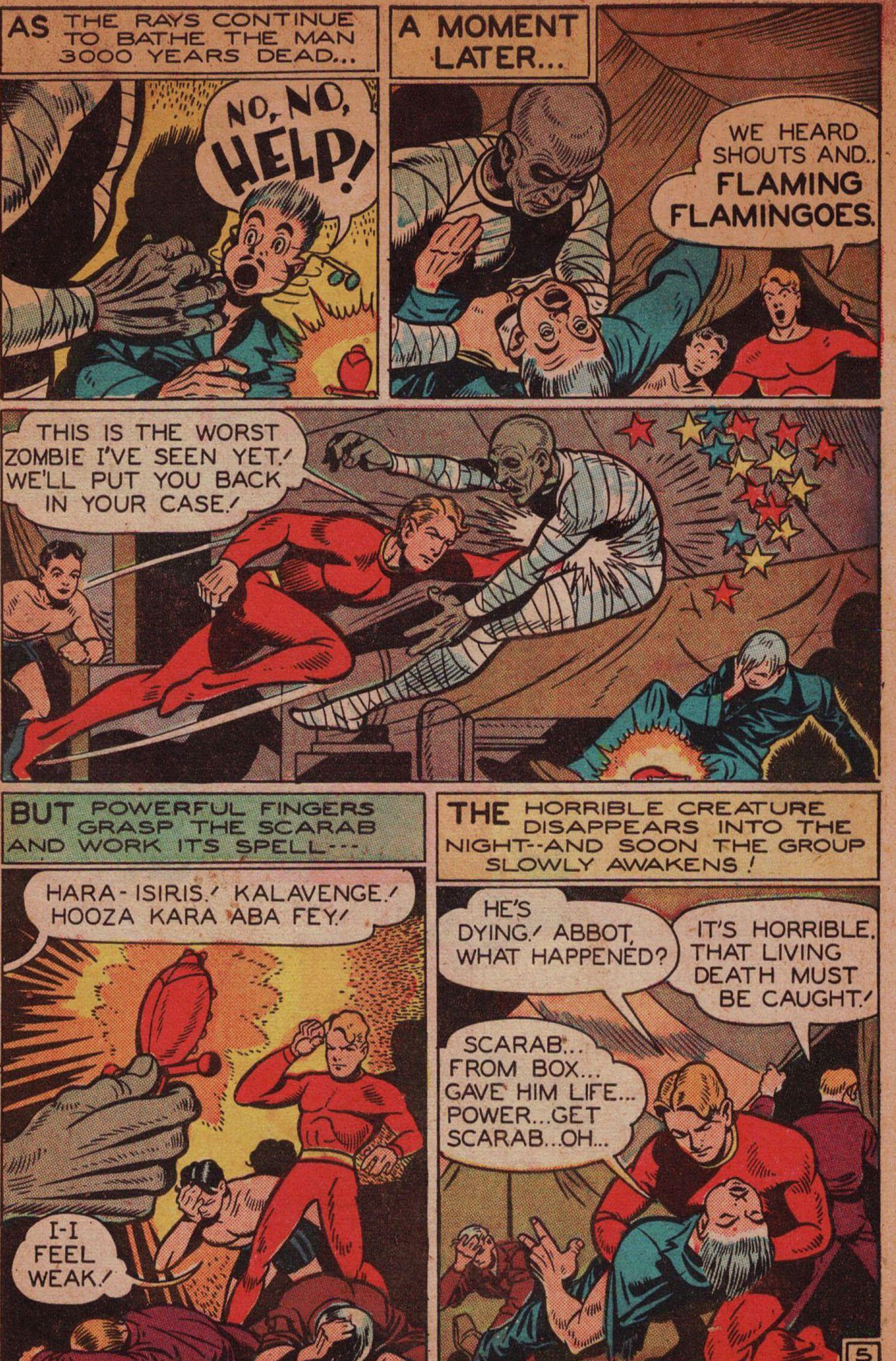
IN EGYPT--LAND OF MYSTERY--**TORCH** AND **TORO** FIND THEIR WEIRDEST, MOST PULSE-BEATING ADVENTURE WHEN CENTURIES ROLL BACK--AND THE MYSTIC PAST SPEWS A STRANGE SECRET! A SECRET THAT BRINGS LIFE TO A DEMON AND DEATH TO HAPLESS INNOCENTS! AGAINST A POWER REACHING FAR BEYOND THE EARTH, BATTLES THE BRAVE CRIME-CRUSHING TEAM, IN GRIM PERIL-PACKED PURSUIT OF A HAIR-RAISING HORROR OF A MAN...

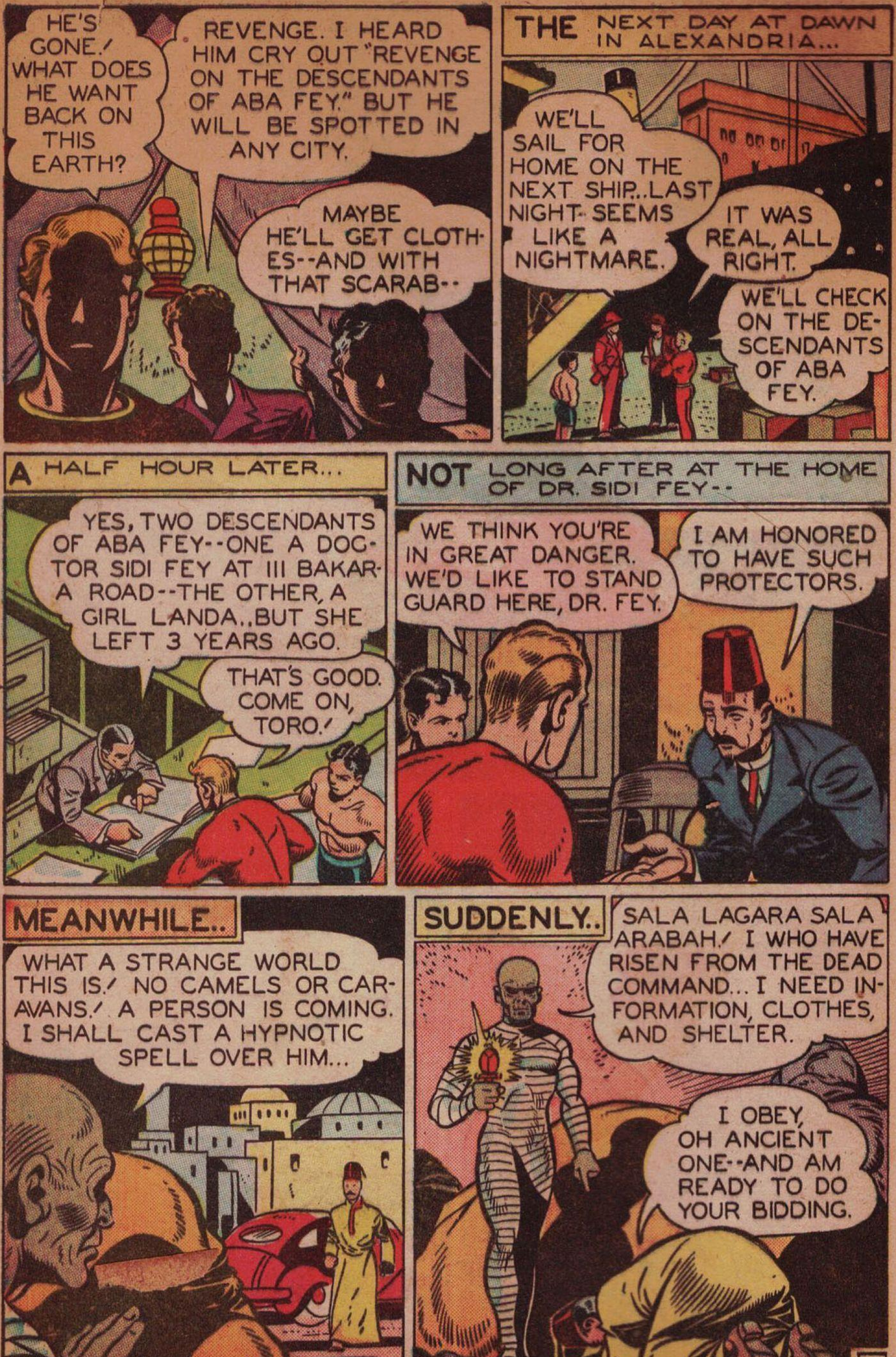
3000 *years* DEAD!


ONE DAY TORCH AND TORO RECEIVE AN UNUSUAL VISIT.
I'M MORSE KENYON, DIRECTOR OF THE ARCHEOLOGICAL DEPT. FOR THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.
I'VE HEARD OF YOU. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
LEAVE FOR EGYPT TO SAVE 3 LIVES!
WELL, TORO?
I'M RARING TO GO!
IN A COMET FLIGHT, TORCH AND TORO SPAN THE ATLANTIC AND REACH THAT FABULOUS CITY, CAIRO, EGYPT'S GATEWAY.
FASCINATING CITY, ISN'T IT, TORCH?
YES...WEAVES A SORT OF SPELL...BUT WE HAVE LOTS TO DO...ON TO THE PYRAMIDS!
ACCORDING TO OUR DIRECTIONS, THAT PYRAMID SHOULD BE THE TOMB OF PRINCE ABA FEY.
NOTHING'S BEEN TAKEN OUT OF HERE.
THE MUMMY AND BURIAL ARTICLES SHOULD HAVE BEEN SHIPPED TO THE MUSEUM...HM..A TABLET IN HIEROGLYPHICS!
2


MY STUDY OF EGYPTIAN IS COMING IN HANDY.. 'O GREAT GOD ISIRIS, GRANT TRANQUILITY TO THE SPIRIT OF PRINCE ABA FEY WHO LED THE SUCCESSFUL REVOLT AGAINST KING ABDULLAH RAZMUZ.'
TORCH, COME HERE! A MESSAGE!
"SCONIA: RAZMUZ IS BIGGER GAME THAN THIS ONE. WE'RE SEARCHING FOR HIM ALONG CIRCLE-MARKED UNDERGROUND PASSAGE. FOLLOW.... ABBOT."
INTENSIVE SEARCH THROUGH THE WEIRD MORTUARY..
HERE'S THE MARK! WE'LL MOVE THE STONE AND PRESTO--THE PASSAGE!
TRAIL'S GETTING HOT! LET'S GO!
THE SUBTERRANEAN PASSAGE LEADS OUT TO AN ODD LAND OF HILLS AND HOWLING BIRDS--
LOOK! A TENT! WE'VE FOUND SOMETHING!
GOOD! WE'VE FLOWN MILES OVER THIS FORSAKEN TERRITORY! LET'S LOOK-SEE!
IN THE TENT..
WHAT A FIND! THE 3,000 YEAR OLD MUMMY OF KING ABDULLAH RAZMUZ.
ABBOT, DON'T YOU REALIZE WE'RE LOST?
LOST AND FOUND! WE WERE SENT TO LOCATE YOU.
3

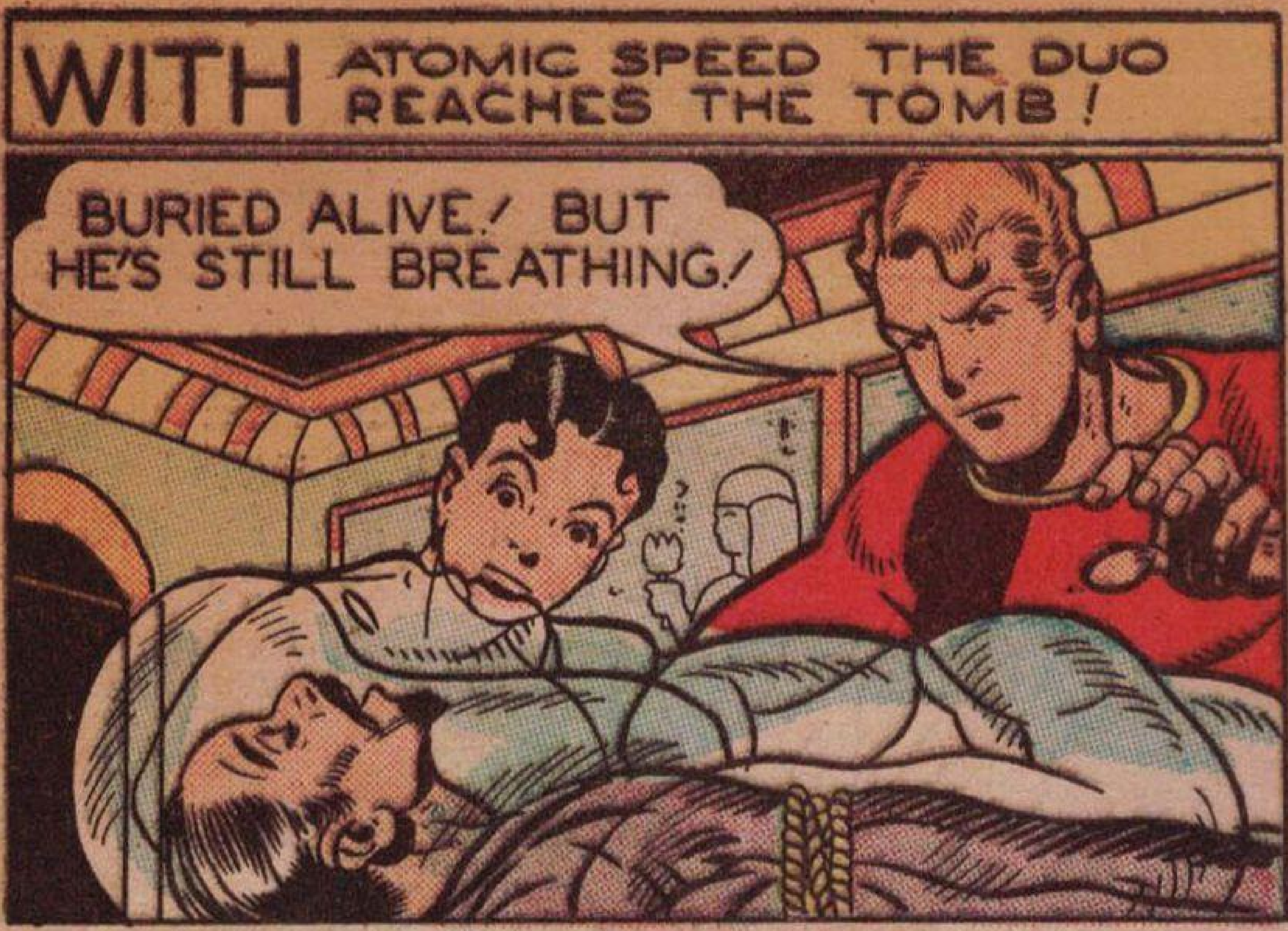

WHAT'S SO IMPORTANT ABOUT THIS MUMMY?
IMPORTANT? HE WAS BURIED ALIVE AFTER THE REVOLT LED BY PRINCE ABA FEY. SCONIA, WHAT'RE YOU DOING?
THERE'S SOMETHING HERE!
A SEALED METAL BOX--"IN THIS BOX LIES LIFE--AND DEATH--TO WHOEVER OPENS IT!"
THOSE EGYPTIAN CURSES DON'T SCARE ME! I'LL OPEN IT!
NO! WAIT!
GRANTED NONE OF US BELIEVES IN ANCIENT CURSES--BUT THIS THING MIGHT CONTAIN A DEATH INSTRUMENT. WAIT UNTIL YOU CAN HAVE THE BOX X-RAYED.
TORCH IS RIGHT. I'LL PUT IT BACK AT THE MUMMY'S FEET.
COME ON, LET'S SHOW TORCH AND TORO THE TOMB WHERE WE FOUND THE MUMMY.
GOOD IDEA!
AS THE PARTY LEAVES, ONE FIGURE HANGS BACK!
NOW'S MY CHANCE TO OPEN THAT BOX!
A SCARAB! MMM...THE INSCRIPTION SAYS, "SACRED TO THE GOD ISIRIS"...I'VE READ ABOUT IT IN EGYPTIAN HISTORY. KING RAZMUZ HAD IMMORTALITY AS LONG AS HE HAD IT WITHIN SIGHT OF HIM...IT HAD TO BE STOLEN FROM HIM BEFORE THEY COULD CAPTURE HIM...
NOTHING DEADLY ABOUT THIS SCARAB. IT'S UTTER NONSENSE!
4
NONSENSE? [illegible]UT IS IT? LOOK BEHIND YOU, A[illegible]BOT! THE MUMMY IS COMING [illegible]O LIFE!

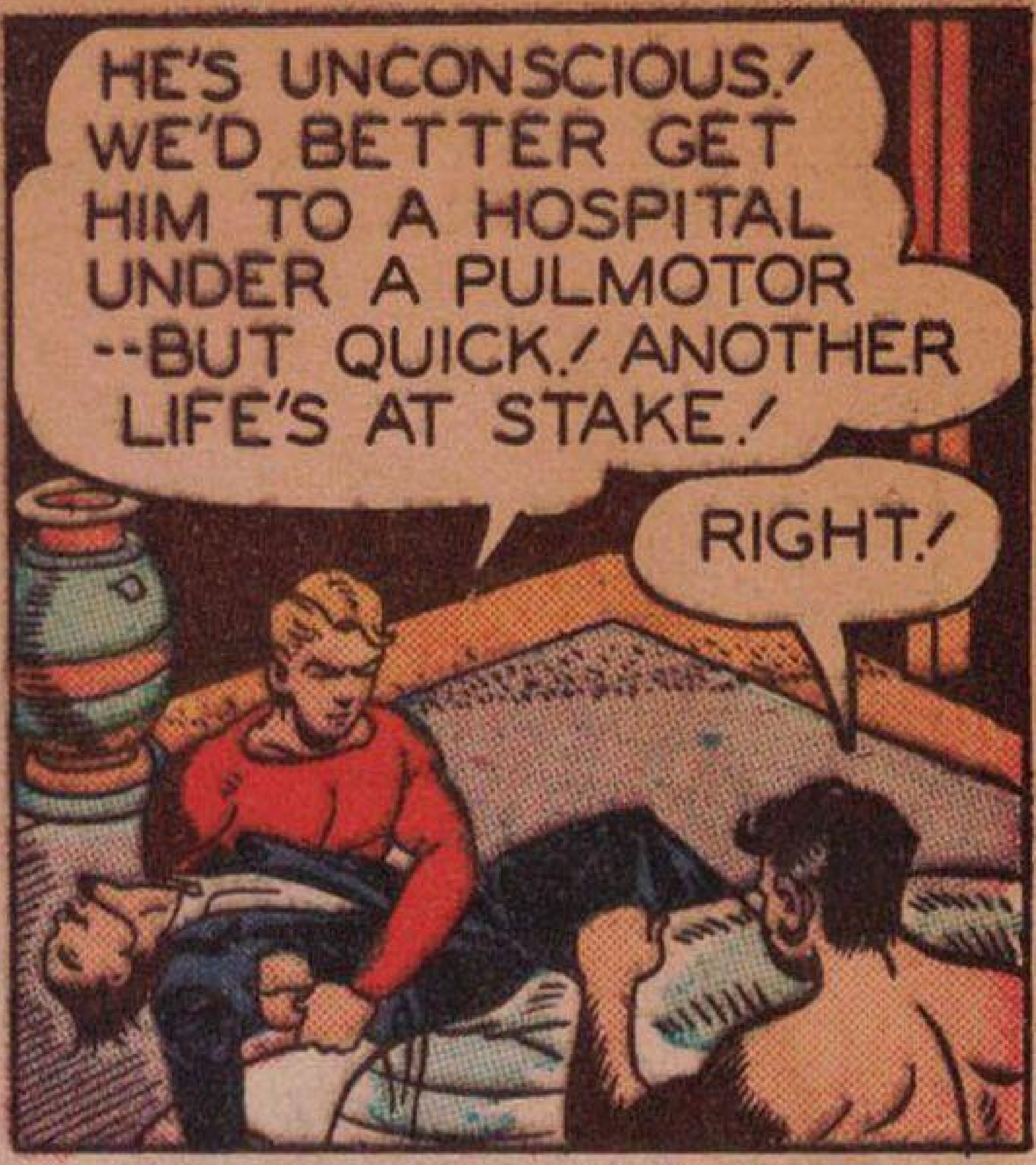

AS THE RAYS CONTINUE TO BATHE THE MAN 3000 YEARS DEAD...
NO, NO, HELP!
A MOMENT LATER...
WE HEARD SHOUTS AND.. FLAMING FLAMINGOES.
THIS IS THE WORST ZOMBIE I'VE SEEN YET! WE'LL PUT YOU BACK IN YOUR CASE!
BUT POWERFUL FINGERS GRASP THE SCARAB AND WORK ITS SPELL---
HARA-ISIRIS! KALAVENGE! HOOZA KARA ABA FEY!
I-I FEEL WEAK!
THE HORRIBLE CREATURE DISAPPEARS INTO THE NIGHT--AND SOON THE GROUP SLOWLY AWAKENS!
HE'S DYING! ABBOT, WHAT HAPPENED?
IT'S HORRIBLE. THAT LIVING DEATH MUST BE CAUGHT!
SCARAB... FROM BOX... GAVE HIM LIFE... POWER...GET SCARAB...OH...

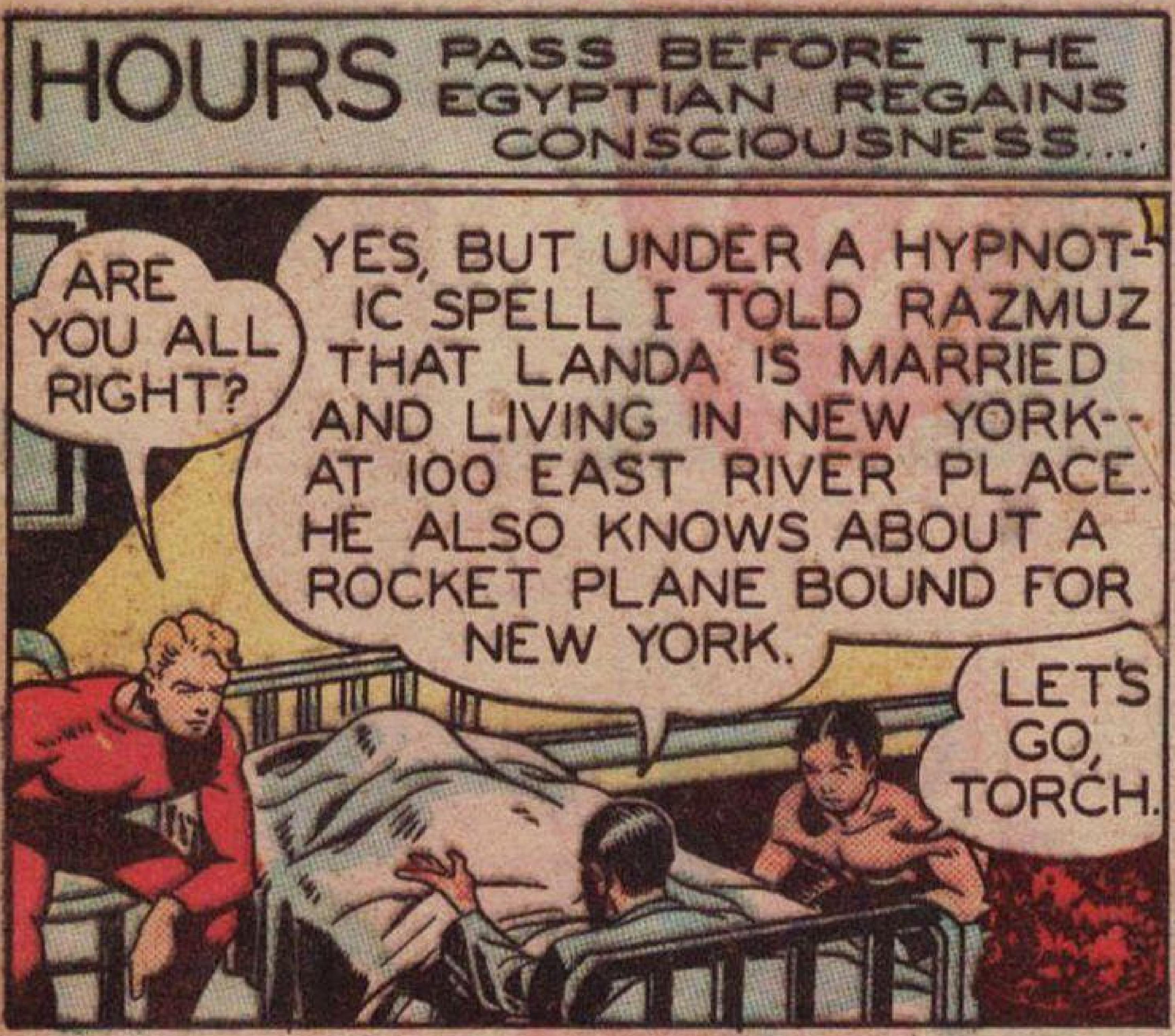

HE'S GONE! WHAT DOES HE WANT BACK ON THIS EARTH?
REVENGE. I HEARD HIM CRY OUT "REVENGE ON THE DESCENDANTS OF ABA FEY." BUT HE WILL BE SPOTTED IN ANY CITY.
MAYBE HE'LL GET CLOTHES--AND WITH THAT SCARAB--
THE NEXT DAY AT DAWN IN ALEXANDRIA...
WE'LL SAIL FOR HOME ON THE NEXT SHIP..LAST NIGHT SEEMS LIKE A NIGHTMARE.
IT WAS REAL, ALL RIGHT.
WE'LL CHECK ON THE DESCENDANTS OF ABA FEY.
A HALF HOUR LATER...
YES, TWO DESCENDANTS OF ABA FEY--ONE A DOCTOR SIDI FEY AT 111 BAKARA ROAD--THE OTHER, A GIRL LANDA..BUT SHE LEFT 3 YEARS AGO.
THAT'S GOOD. COME ON, TORO!
NOT LONG AFTER AT THE HOME OF DR. SIDI FEY--
WE THINK YOU'RE IN GREAT DANGER. WE'D LIKE TO STAND GUARD HERE, DR. FEY.
I AM HONORED TO HAVE SUCH PROTECTORS.
MEANWHILE..
WHAT A STRANGE WORLD THIS IS! NO CAMELS OR CARAVANS! A PERSON IS COMING. I SHALL CAST A HYPNOTIC SPELL OVER HIM...
SUDDENLY..
SALA LAGARA SALA ARABAH! I WHO HAVE RISEN FROM THE DEAD COMMAND... I NEED INFORMATION, CLOTHES, AND SHELTER.
I OBEY, OH ANCIENT ONE--AND AM READY TO DO YOUR BIDDING.

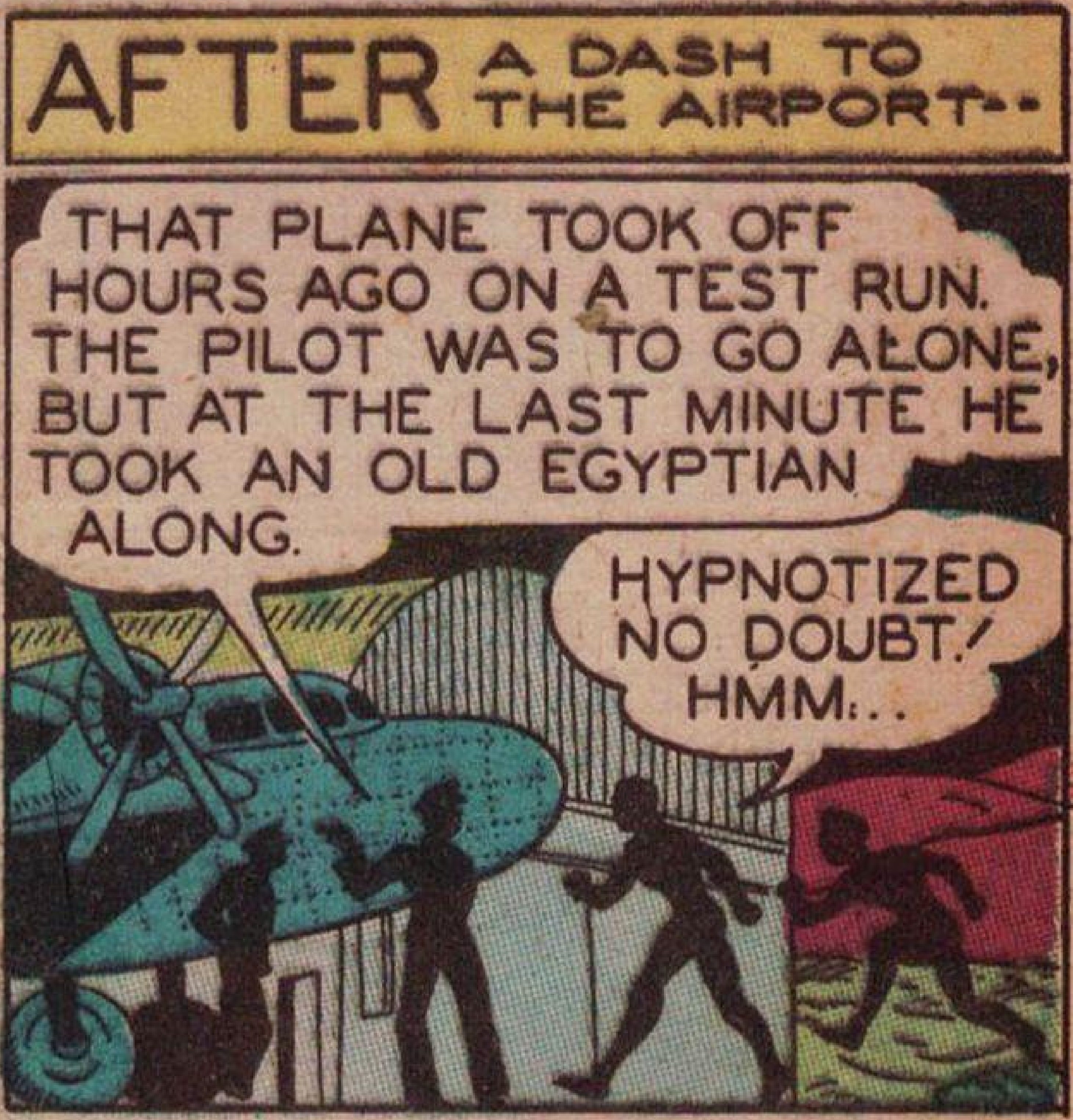
AFTER THE MUMMY IS CLOTHED, THE BEDOUIN GOES ON A MISSION!
MASTER, THERE ARE TWO DESCENDANTS OF PRINCE ABA FEY--ONE WELL GUARDED AT 111 BAKARA...
THE GUARDS MUST BE LURED AWAY. TAKE THIS MESSAGE.
THIS INSTRUMENT OF THE VOICE WILL DELIVER A MESSAGE MANY MILES AWAY.
AN INSTRUMENT OF LAZINESS! BUT USE IT!
SOON TORCH GETS A PHONE CALL.
I AM HOLDING PRISONER A MAN WHO CALLS HIMSELF KING ABDULLAH RAZMUZ. IF YOU WISH HIM, COME AT ONCE TO 85 MARCULA...
COMING RIGHT OUT!
WAIT A MINUTE! HOW DID THAT EGYPTIAN **KNOW** I WANT OLD RAZMUZ? SOUNDS LIKE A RUSE!
RIGHT! WE'LL TURN BACK!
AT SIDI FEY'S, A REVENGE-CRAZED MUMMY APPEARS.
KALAVENGE! KALAVENGE! YOU WILL DIE!
NO! WHAT HAVE I DONE? TORCH!
IN A SECOND, THE FRANTIC CRY IS ANSWERED!
I'LL UNFLAME AND FINISH THE JOB! DESTROY THE SCARAB, TORO!
IT DOESN'T BURN! I'LL HAVE TO PICK IT UP!

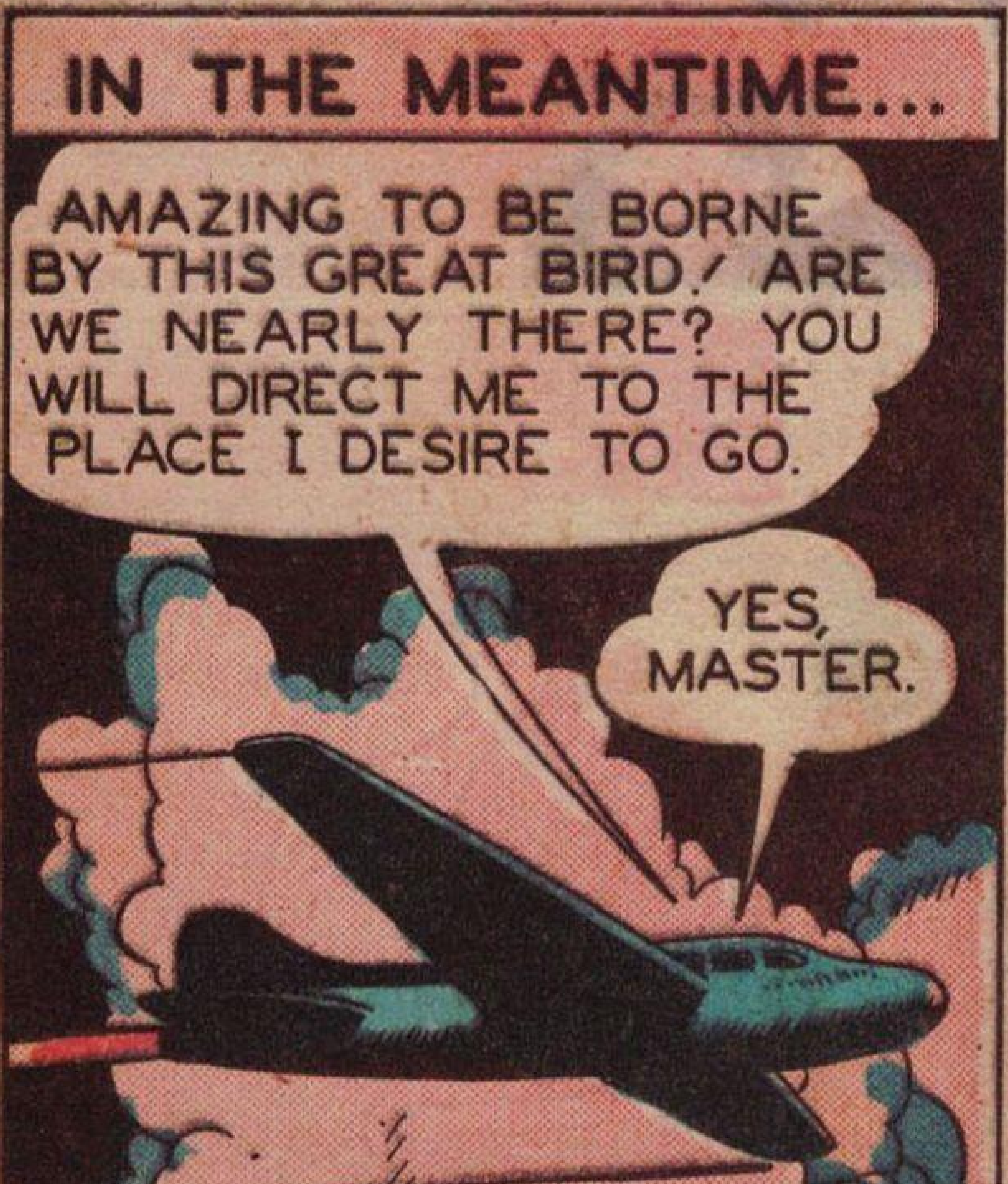
AS THE DUO UNFLAMES, A BLAZE OF GREAT BRILLIANCE HITS..
I MUST PROTECT MY MASTER WITH THIS POTION!
MY EYES-- CAN'T SEE..
INFIDEL DESCENDANT OF ABA FEY, YOU WILL DIE AS I WAS PUT TO DEATH!
WHEN TORCH AND TORO RECOVER..
SIDI FEY'S GONE..THAT MONSTER WILL KILL HIM!
SAY, THAT SACK OF POWDERY STUFF MUST'VE SPRUNG A LEAK. WE'LL FOLLOW THE TRAIL.
LOOKS LIKE THE END OF THE TRAIL. WE'RE ON RHODEUS ROAD.
WASN'T FAR FROM SIDI FEY'S. ALL RIGHT, LAD. WE WILL FLAME THRU THE HOUSE!
WHERE'S ABDULLAH RAZMUZ? TALK OR WE'LL BURN YOU!
I WOULD RATHER BURN THAN BETRAY MY MASTER!
LOOKS LIKE HE'LL HAVE TO GET A TASTE OF IT, TORCH.
OUCH! OUCH! NO MORE! I WILL TALK! THE MASTER TOOK SIDI FEY TO THE VALLEY OF 7 GODS. THE GLASS COFFIN WAS READY!
HERE WE GO AGAIN!

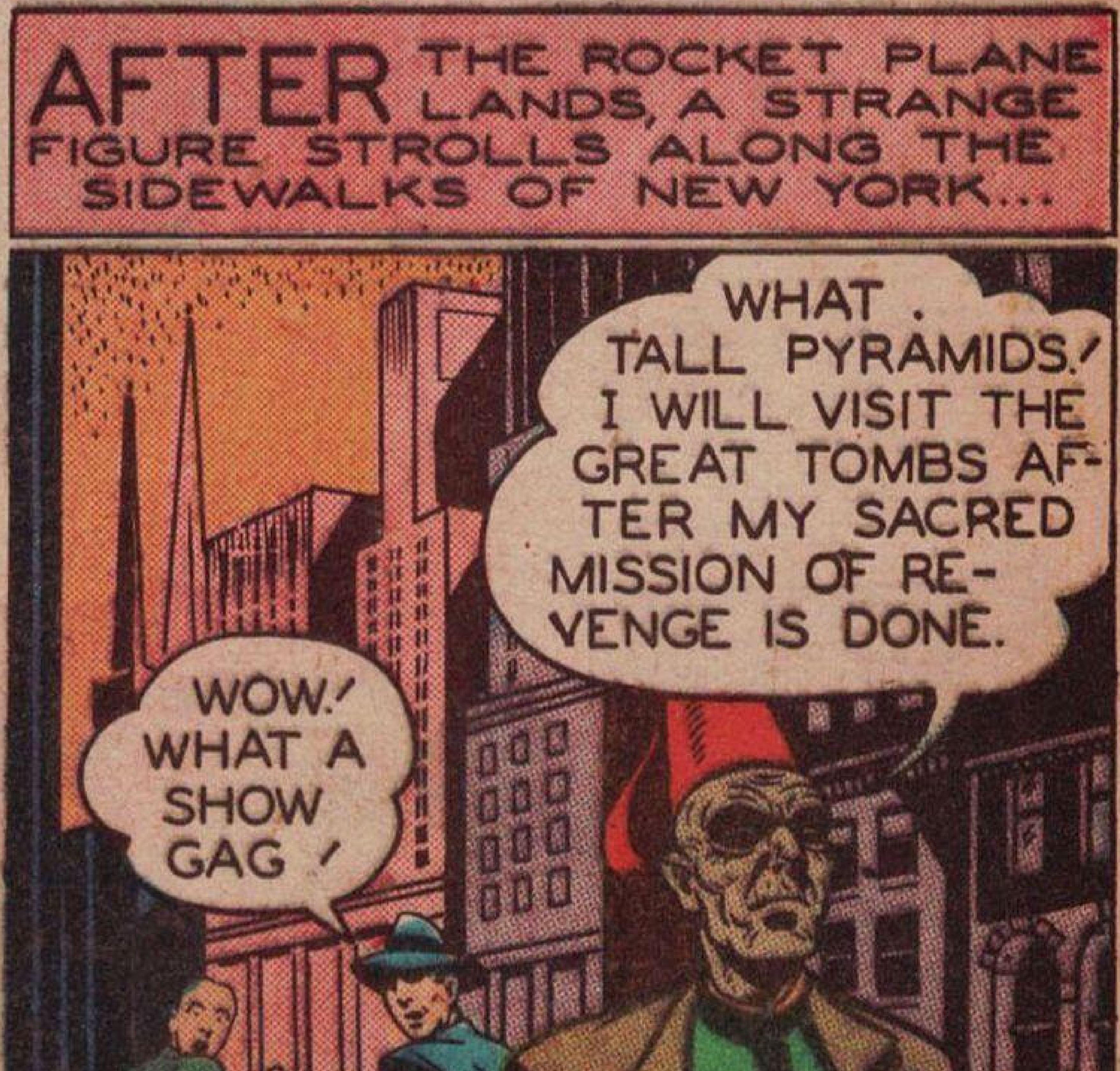

WITH ATOMIC SPEED THE DUO REACHES THE TOMB!
BURIED ALIVE! BUT HE'S STILL BREATHING!


HE'S UNCONSCIOUS! WE'D BETTER GET HIM TO A HOSPITAL UNDER A PULMOTOR --BUT QUICK! ANOTHER LIFE'S AT STAKE!
RIGHT!

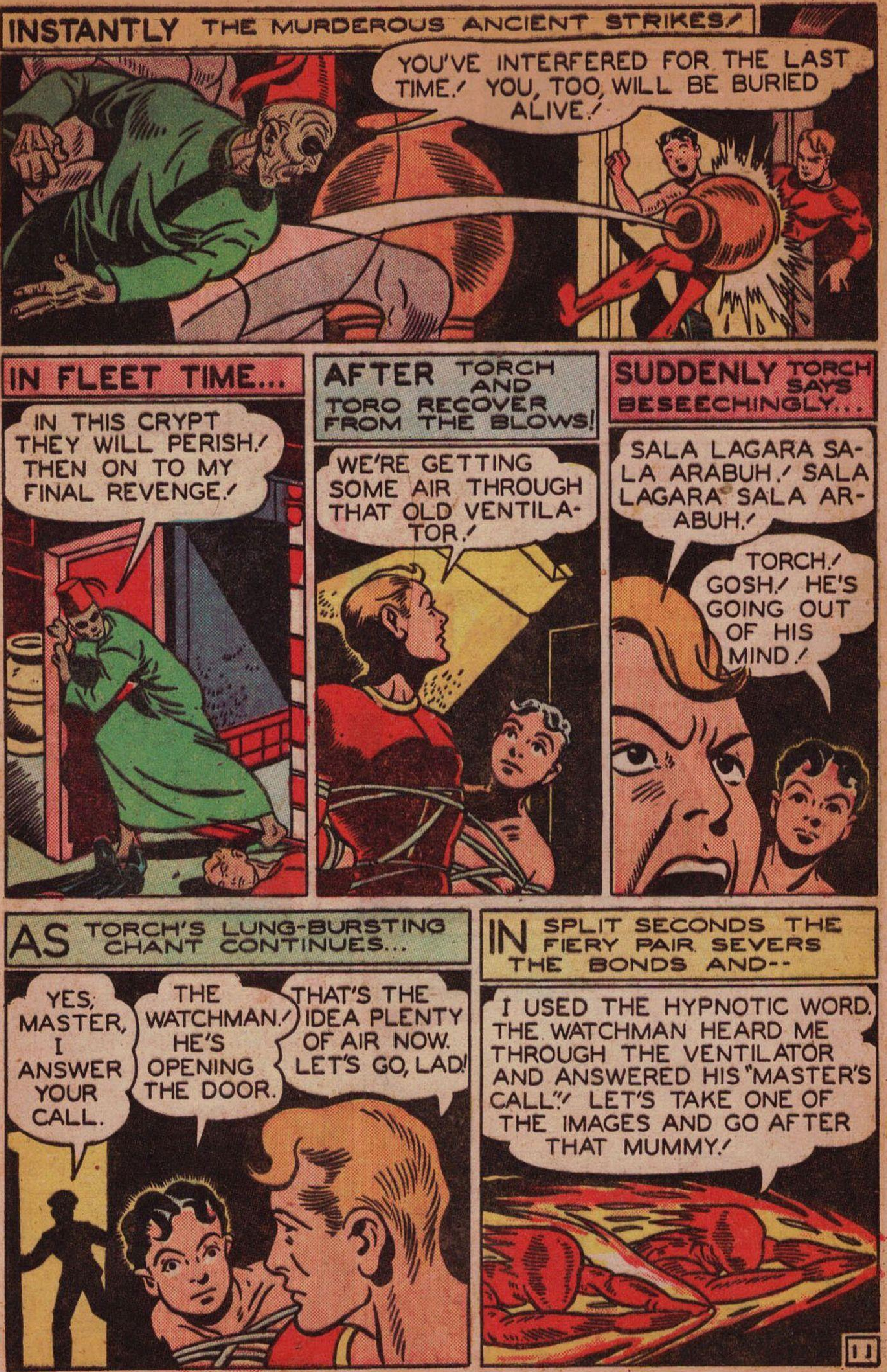

HOURS PASS BEFORE THE EGYPTIAN REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS...
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
YES, BUT UNDER A HYPNOTIC SPELL I TOLD RAZMUZ THAT LANDA IS MARRIED AND LIVING IN NEW YORK--AT 100 EAST RIVER PLACE. HE ALSO KNOWS ABOUT A ROCKET PLANE BOUND FOR NEW YORK.
LET'S GO, TORCH.


AFTER A DASH TO THE AIRPORT--
THAT PLANE TOOK OFF HOURS AGO ON A TEST RUN. THE PILOT WAS TO GO ALONE, BUT AT THE LAST MINUTE HE TOOK AN OLD EGYPTIAN ALONG.
HYPNOTIZED NO DOUBT! HMM...


IN THE MEANTIME...
AMAZING TO BE BORNE BY THIS GREAT BIRD! ARE WE NEARLY THERE? YOU WILL DIRECT ME TO THE PLACE I DESIRE TO GO.
YES, MASTER.


AFTER THE ROCKET PLANE LANDS, A STRANGE FIGURE STROLLS ALONG THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK...
WHAT. TALL PYRAMIDS! I WILL VISIT THE GREAT TOMBS AFTER MY SACRED MISSION OF REVENGE IS DONE.
WOW! WHAT A SHOW GAG!

WITH A BURST OF SPEED, THE FLAME TEAM REACHES THE METROPOLIS...
THE ROCKET PLANE CHECKED IN ALREADY! OUR NEXT STOP WILL BE LANDA FEY'S.
AS THE DUO ROCKETS UP FIFTH AVENUE--
I'M THROUGH WITH MUSEUMS. THEY REMIND ME OF MUMMIES!
YOU'RE WRONG, SON. WE'RE GOING IN. SEE THAT LIGHT IN THE EGYPTIAN ROOM?
OUT! OUR MASTER IS AT PRAYER.. HEATHENS ARE FORBIDDEN.
MASTER? THAT DOES IT. THE MUMMY HYPNOTIZED HIM. WE'LL HAVE TO USE OUR BRAND OF HYPNOTISM.
STEP ASIDE! WE'VE A DATE WITH THE MASTER-MUMMY! HE'D BETTER SAY HIS PRAYERS.
GREAT GOD ISIRIS, GIVE ME A SIGN OF DISPLEASURE IF YOU ARE ANGRY AT MY ACT OF REVENGE.
IF ISIRIS IS ANGRY HIS EYES ARE SUPPOSED TO FLASH. TORO, I'VE AN IDEA...
BUT BEFORE THE POWERHOUSE PAIR CAN ACT--
THE ENEMY!


INSTANTLY THE MURDEROUS ANCIENT STRIKES!
YOU'VE INTERFERED FOR THE LAST TIME! YOU, TOO, WILL BE BURIED ALIVE!
IN FLEET TIME...
IN THIS CRYPT THEY WILL PERISH! THEN ON TO MY FINAL REVENGE!
AFTER TORCH AND TORO RECOVER FROM THE BLOWS!
WE'RE GETTING SOME AIR THROUGH THAT OLD VENTILATOR!
SUDDENLY TORCH SAYS BESEECHINGLY...
SALA LAGARA SALA ARABUH! SALA LAGARA SALA ARABUH!
TORCH! GOSH! HE'S GOING OUT OF HIS MIND!
AS TORCH'S LUNG-BURSTING CHANT CONTINUES...
YES, MASTER, I ANSWER YOUR CALL.
THE WATCHMAN! HE'S OPENING THE DOOR.
THAT'S THE IDEA PLENTY OF AIR NOW. LET'S GO, LAD!
IN SPLIT SECONDS THE FIERY PAIR SEVERS THE BONDS AND--
I USED THE HYPNOTIC WORD. THE WATCHMAN HEARD ME THROUGH THE VENTILATOR AND ANSWERED HIS "MASTER'S CALL"! LET'S TAKE ONE OF THE IMAGES AND GO AFTER THAT MUMMY!

IN THE APARTMENT OF THE LOVELY LANDA...
THE DOOR.. IT'S OPENING..HELP!
I COME FOR REVENGE-- NOW YOU DIE!
THEN FROM THE OPEN DOOR!
ISIRIS FORBID! ISIRIS STRIKES YOU DOWN. RE ISIRIS HARA CALMUS..
THE EYES! THE SIGN! OH GREAT GOD ISIRIS, FORGIVE! FORGIVE ME!
AS THE FIGURE GROVELS BEFORE THE IMAGE!
THIS IS MY END- MY END...
IT SURE IS...
THEN THE DUO SPRINGS FROM POSITIONS BEHIND THE IMAGE AND...
HERE GOES THE MUMMY! THE FLASHLIGHTS THROUGH THE EYES DID THE TRICK!
AND HERE GOES THE SCARAB!
LATER AT THE MUSEUM!
THIS IS A VALUABLE ADDITION TO OUR MUSEUM...EX-KING RAZMUZ 3600 YEARS DEAD-24 HOURS ALIVE--
-AND HE LOOKS **MUCH** BETTER THIS WAY!
THE END
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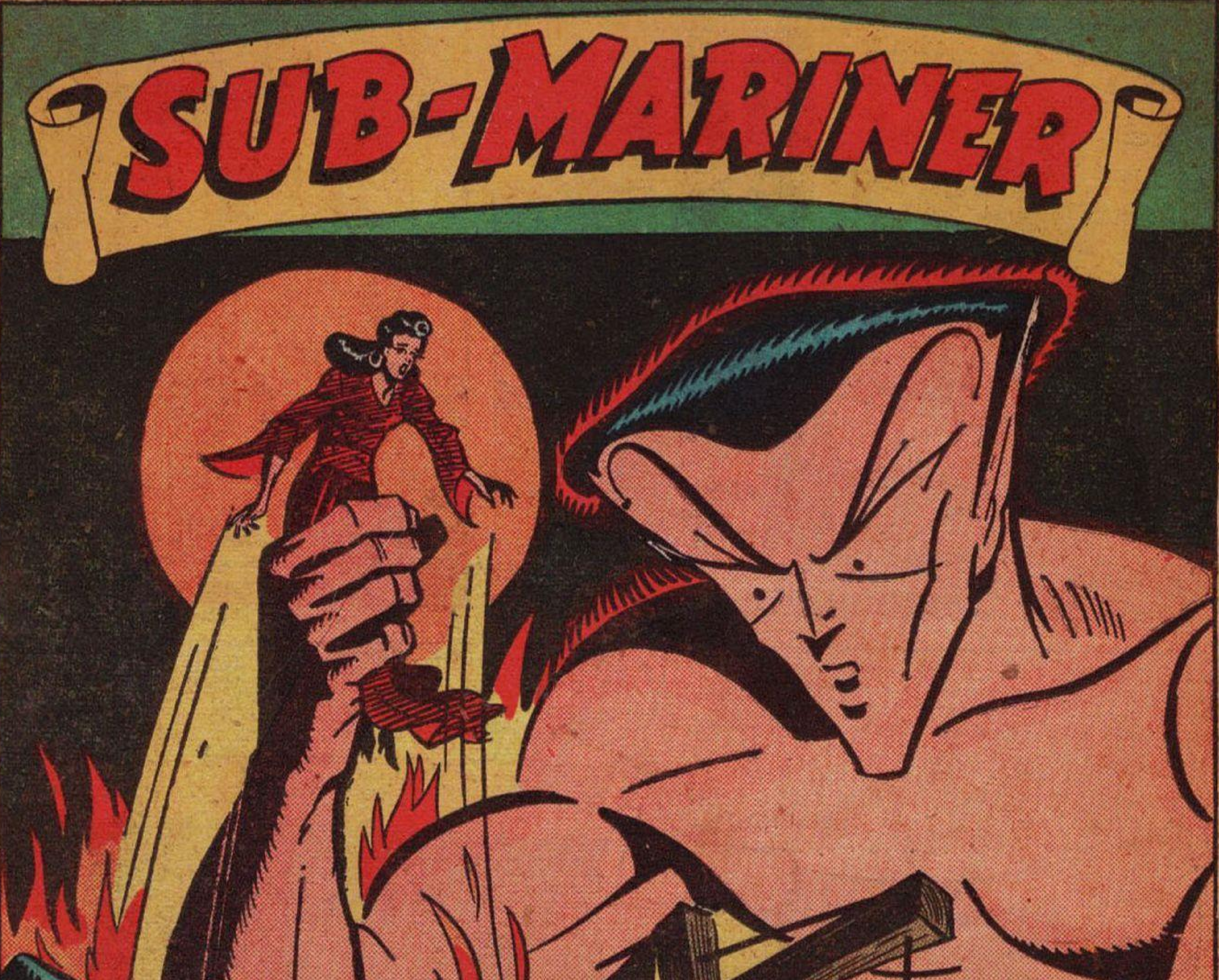

INTO THE PRESENT DESCENDS A THING OF EVIL - A HORRENDOUS WEAPON OF DEATH - BELONGING TO TERRORIZING TIMES OF A SUPERSTITIOUS PAST - THE RESURRECTION OF A WITCH!... AND INTO SUCH STRANGE SURROUNDINGS SWIMS THE MIGHTY **SUBMARINER** - INTO THRILL-PACKED ADVENTURE, MURDER-MYSTERY --- THE CASE OF

"THE WITCH OF CAPETOWN!"

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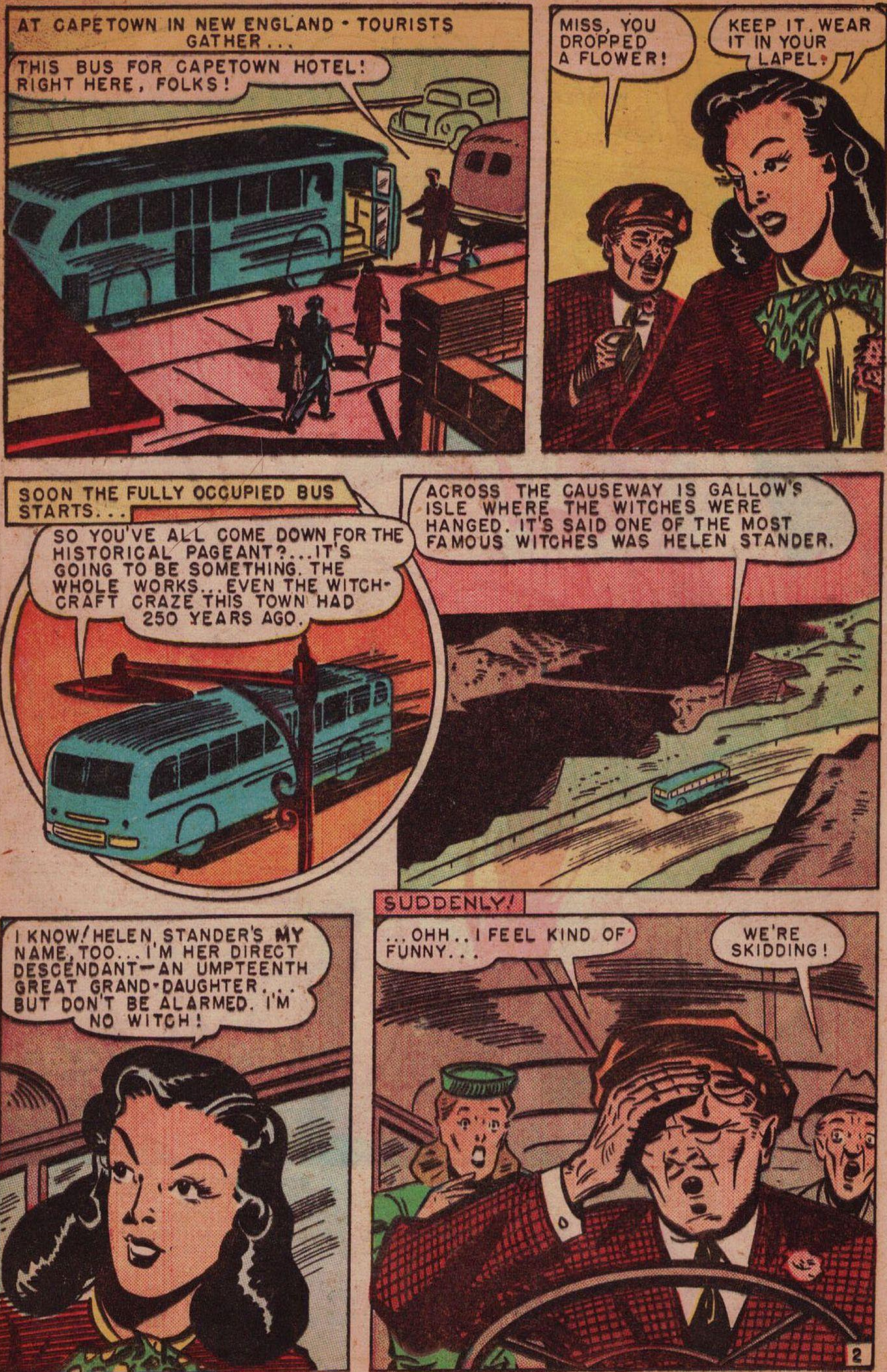
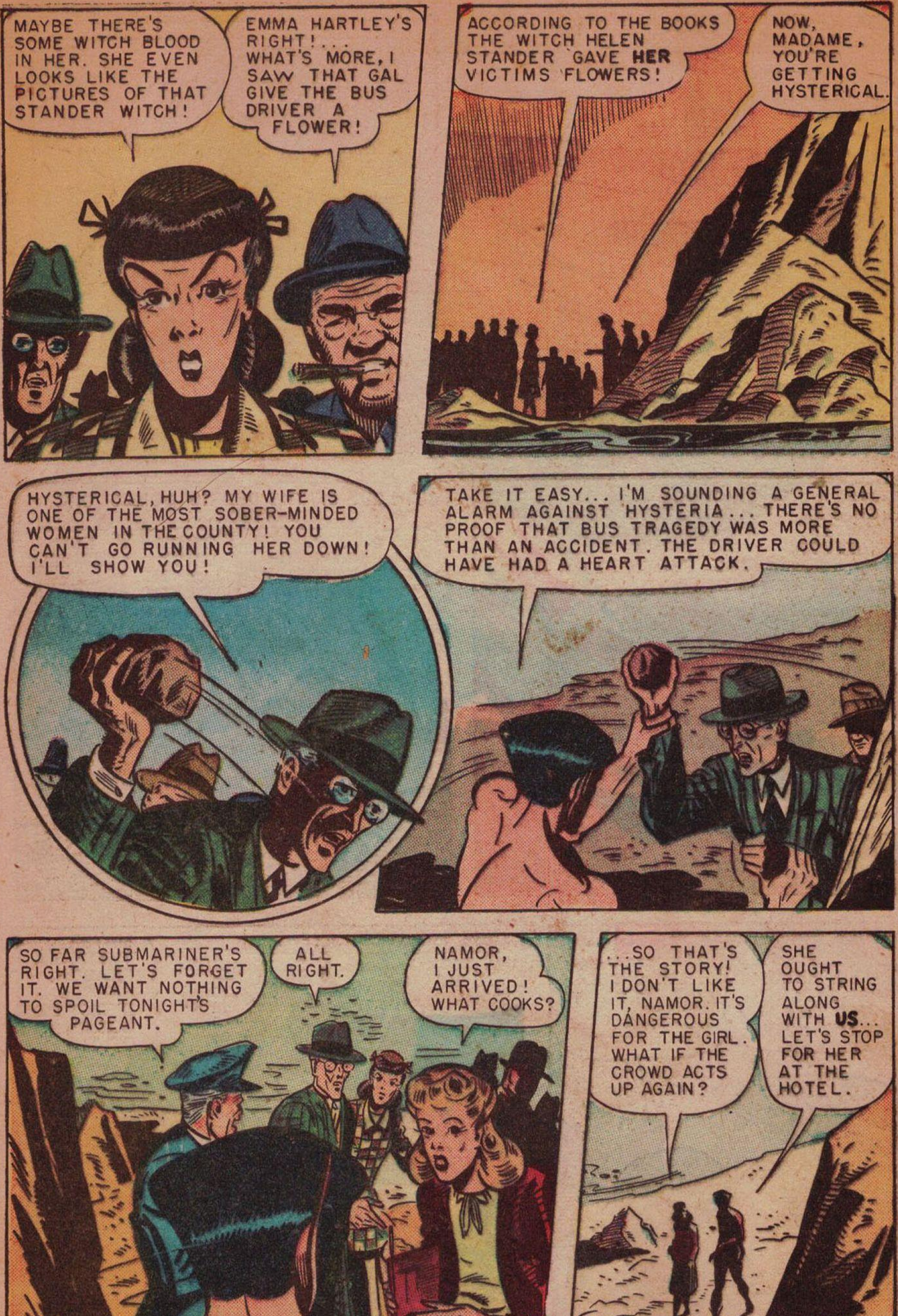
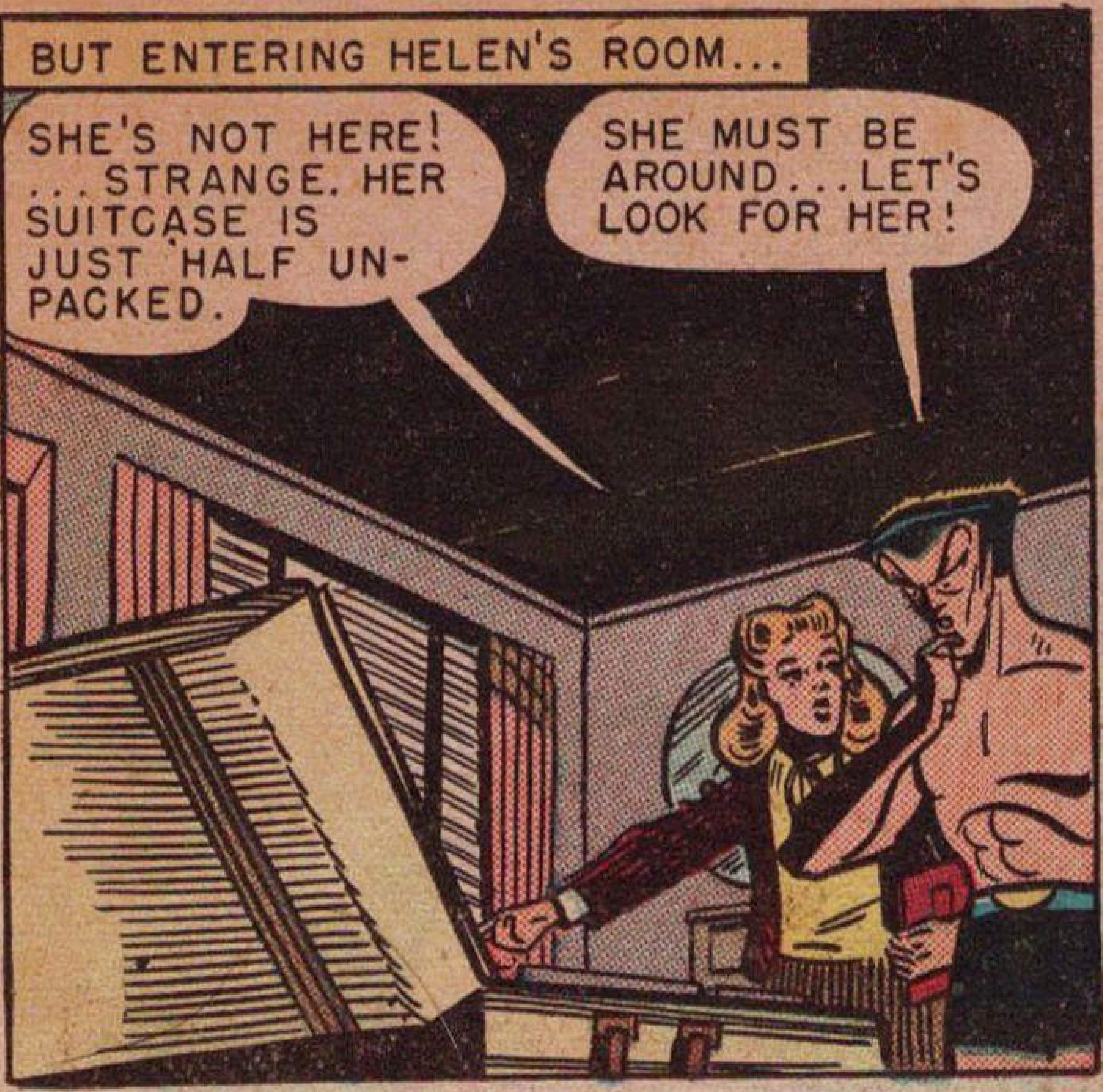
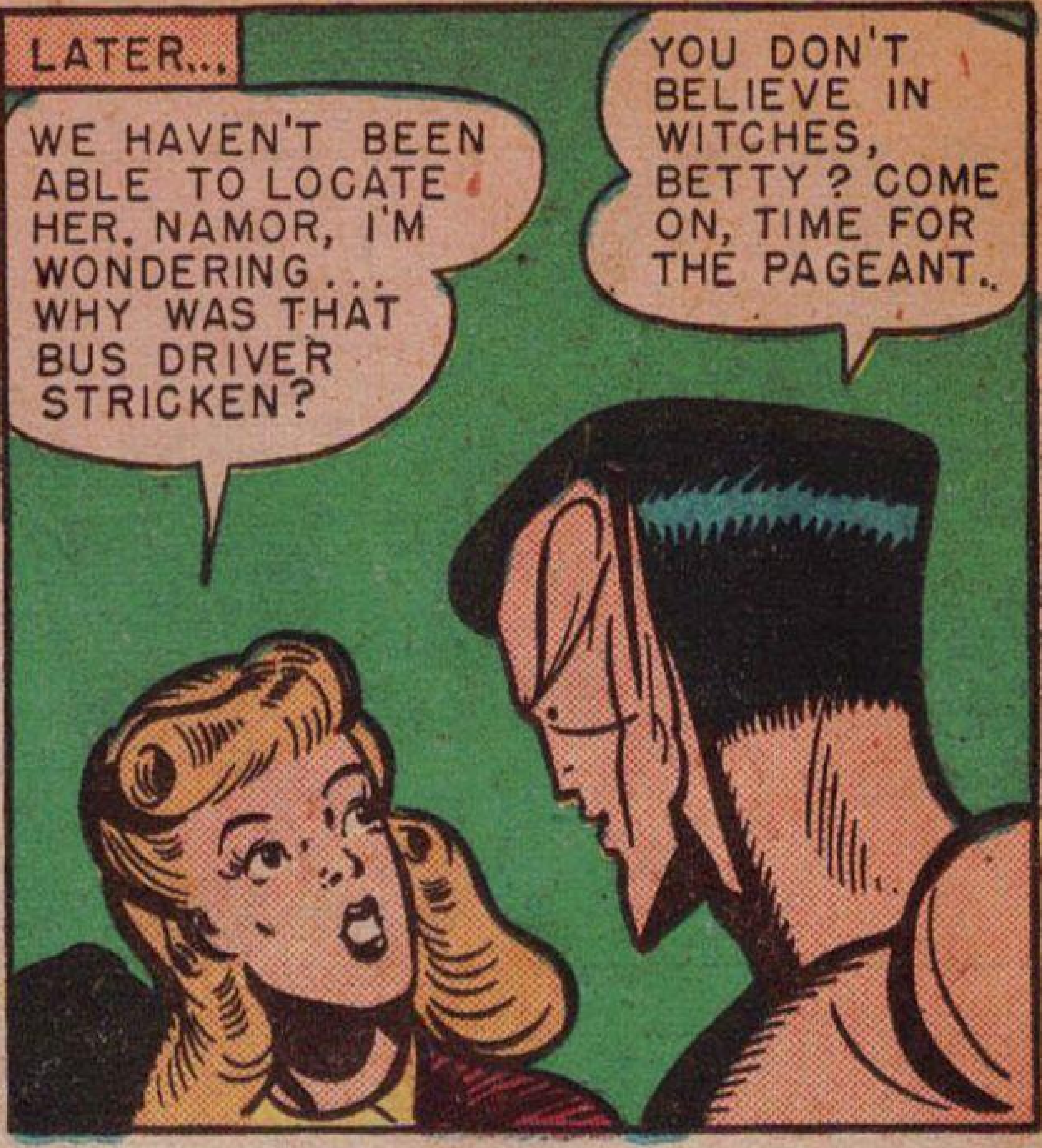
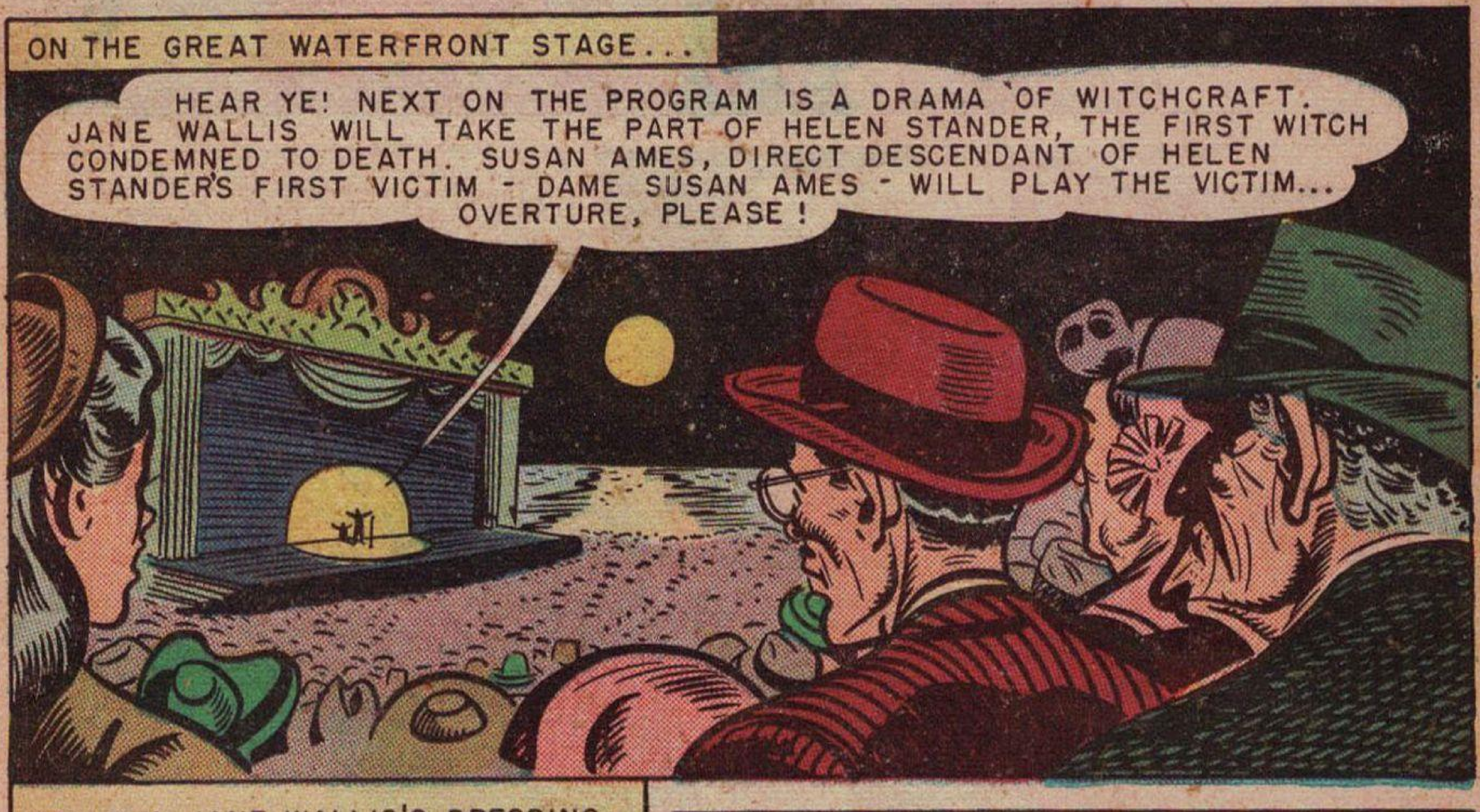

AT CAPETOWN IN NEW ENGLAND - TOURISTS GATHER...
THIS BUS FOR CAPETOWN HOTEL! RIGHT HERE, FOLKS!
MISS, YOU DROPPED A FLOWER!
KEEP IT. WEAR IT IN YOUR LAPEL.
SOON THE FULLY OCCUPIED BUS STARTS...
SO YOU'VE ALL COME DOWN FOR THE HISTORICAL PAGEANT?...IT'S GOING TO BE SOMETHING. THE WHOLE WORKS...EVEN THE WITCHCRAFT CRAZE THIS TOWN HAD 250 YEARS AGO.
ACROSS THE CAUSEWAY IS GALLOW'S ISLE WHERE THE WITCHES WERE HANGED. IT'S SAID ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS WITCHES WAS HELEN STANDER.
I KNOW! HELEN STANDER'S MY NAME, TOO... I'M HER DIRECT DESCENDANT—AN UMPTEENTH GREAT GRAND-DAUGHTER... BUT DON'T BE ALARMED. I'M NO WITCH!
SUDDENLY!
...OHH.. I FEEL KIND OF FUNNY...
WE'RE SKIDDING!

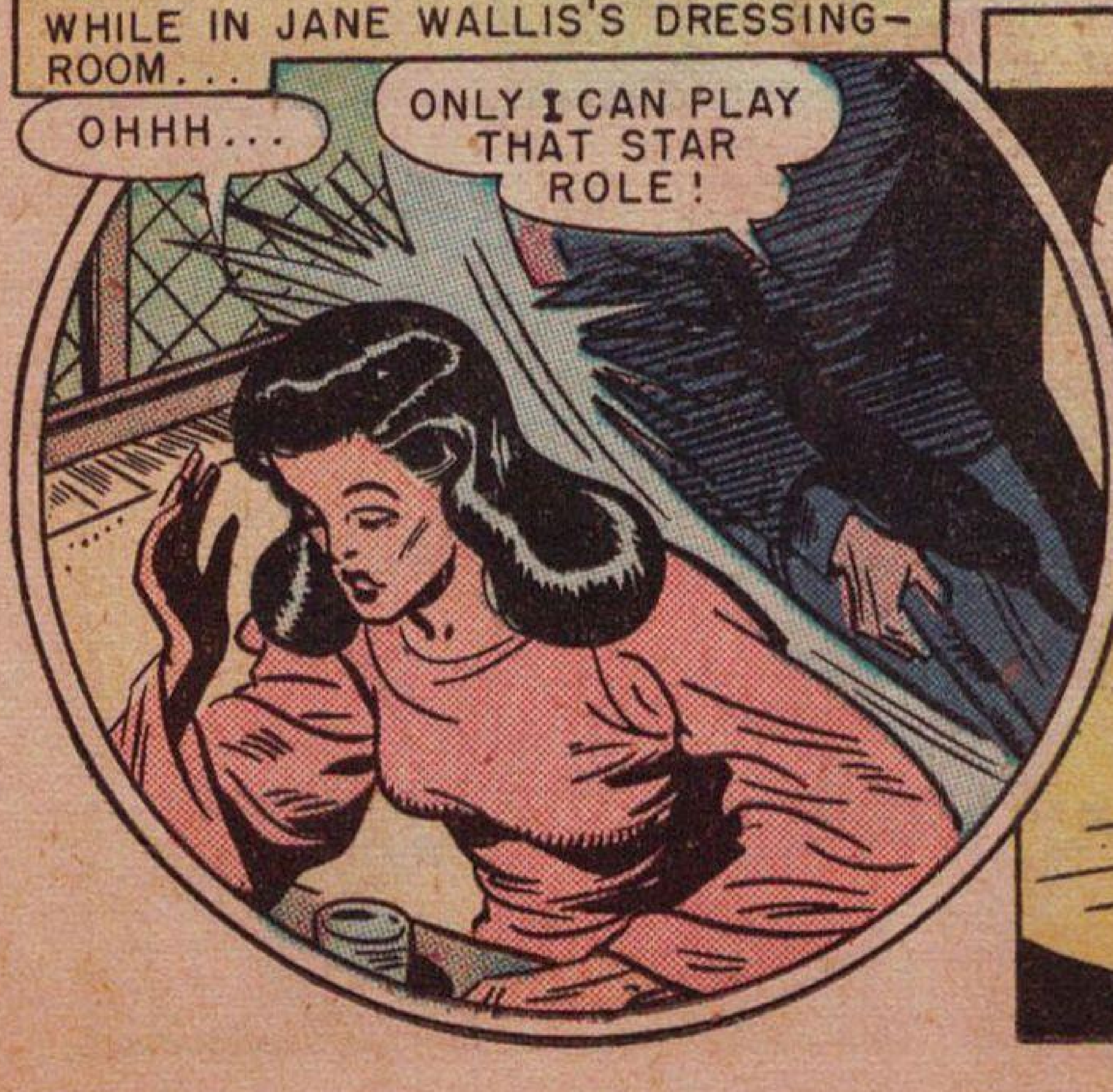
WHILE JUST AROUND A BEND IN THE CAPE...
I'M GLAD I COULD GET HERE FOR THE HISTORICAL PAGEANT. WONDER IF BETTY'S ARRIVED YET...
SUDDENLY, SUBMARINER SEES...
WHAT A LANDING! I DOUBT WHETHER ANY PASSENGERS SURVIVED THAT!
BUT-OUT OF THE DEBRIS COMES ONE SURVIVOR...
TAKE CARE OF HER. I'LL GO DOWN FOR THE OTHERS!
THEY MUST ALL BE DEAD!
HOW TERRIBLE!
WHILE SUBMARINER IS OCCUPIED UNDERWATER...
...SO YOU'RE MISS STANDER? WE'LL GET YOU TO THE HOTEL.
...THE DRIVER SUDDENLY LOST CONTROL OF THE WHEEL.
SOME MINUTES LATER...
WE TOOK HER TO THE HOTEL, SUBMARINER!
SHE'S MIGHTY LUCKY TO COME OUT ALIVE...
MAYBE THERE'S A REASON. SHE'S A DIRECT DESCENDANT OF THE WITCH!
3

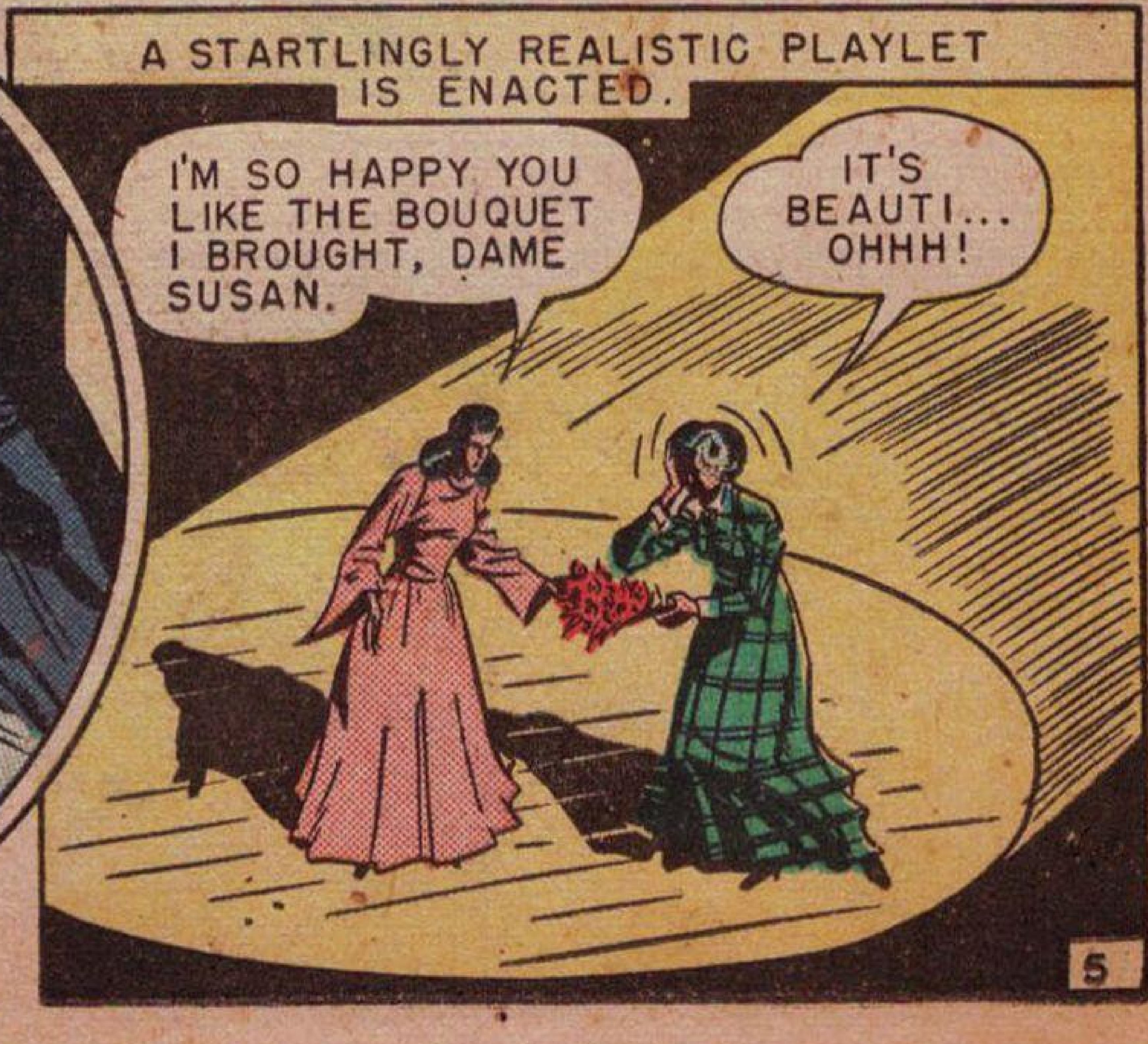

MAYBE THERE'S SOME WITCH BLOOD IN HER. SHE EVEN LOOKS LIKE THE PICTURES OF THAT STANDER WITCH!
EMMA HARTLEY'S RIGHT!... WHAT'S MORE, I SAW THAT GAL GIVE THE BUS DRIVER A FLOWER!
ACCORDING TO THE BOOKS THE WITCH HELEN STANDER GAVE **HER** VICTIMS FLOWERS!
NOW, MADAME, YOU'RE GETTING HYSTERICAL.
HYSTERICAL, HUH? MY WIFE IS ONE OF THE MOST SOBER-MINDED WOMEN IN THE COUNTY! YOU CAN'T GO RUNNING HER DOWN! I'LL SHOW YOU!
TAKE IT EASY... I'M SOUNDING A GENERAL ALARM AGAINST HYSTERIA... THERE'S NO PROOF THAT BUS TRAGEDY WAS MORE THAN AN ACCIDENT. THE DRIVER COULD HAVE HAD A HEART ATTACK.
SO FAR SUBMARINER'S RIGHT. LET'S FORGET IT. WE WANT NOTHING TO SPOIL TONIGHT'S PAGEANT.
ALL RIGHT.
NAMOR, I JUST ARRIVED! WHAT COOKS?
...SO THAT'S THE STORY! I DON'T LIKE IT, NAMOR. IT'S DANGEROUS FOR THE GIRL. WHAT IF THE CROWD ACTS UP AGAIN?
SHE OUGHT TO STRING ALONG WITH **US**... LET'S STOP FOR HER AT THE HOTEL.

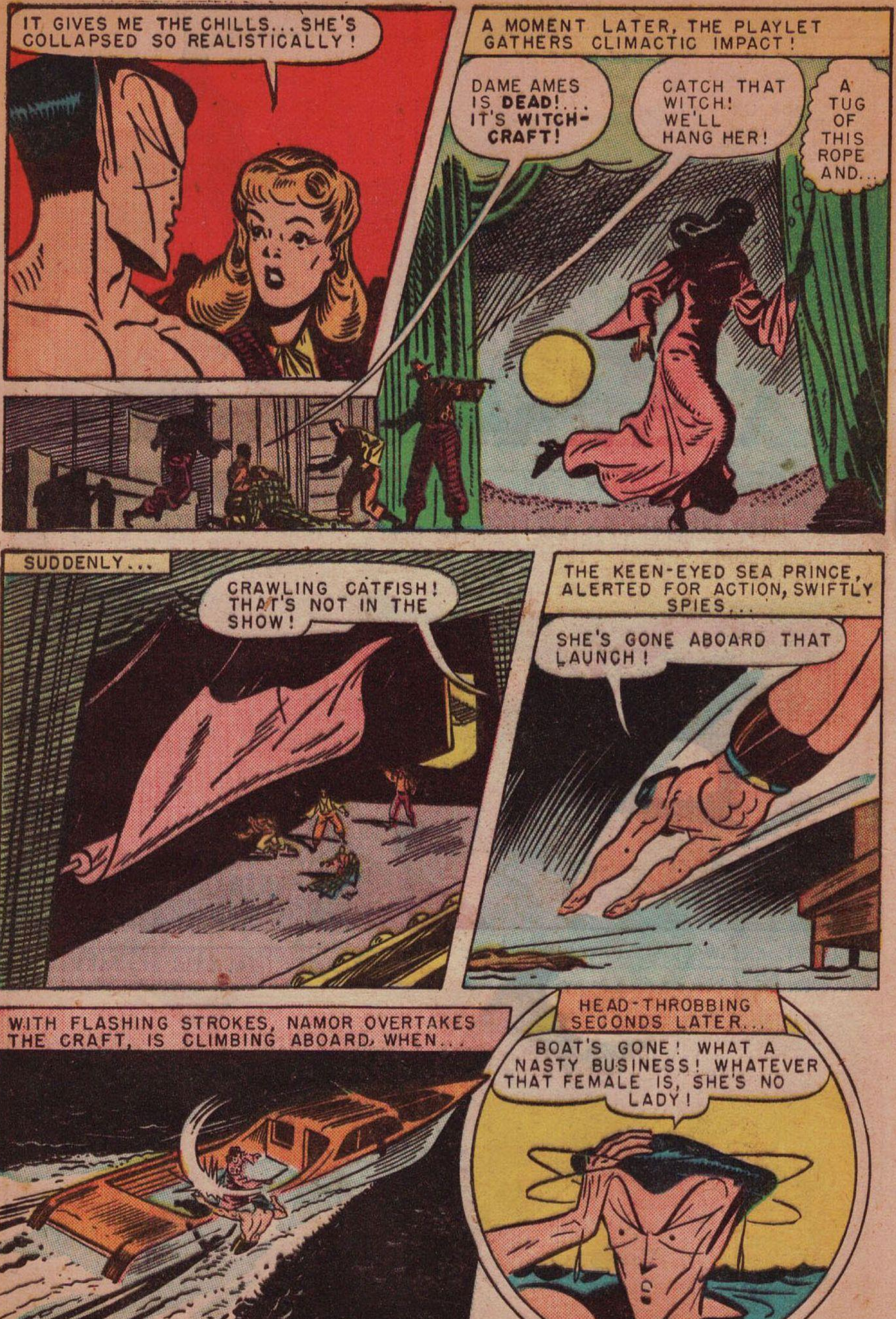

BUT ENTERING HELEN'S ROOM...
SHE'S NOT HERE! ... STRANGE. HER SUITCASE IS JUST HALF UNPACKED.
SHE MUST BE AROUND... LET'S LOOK FOR HER!

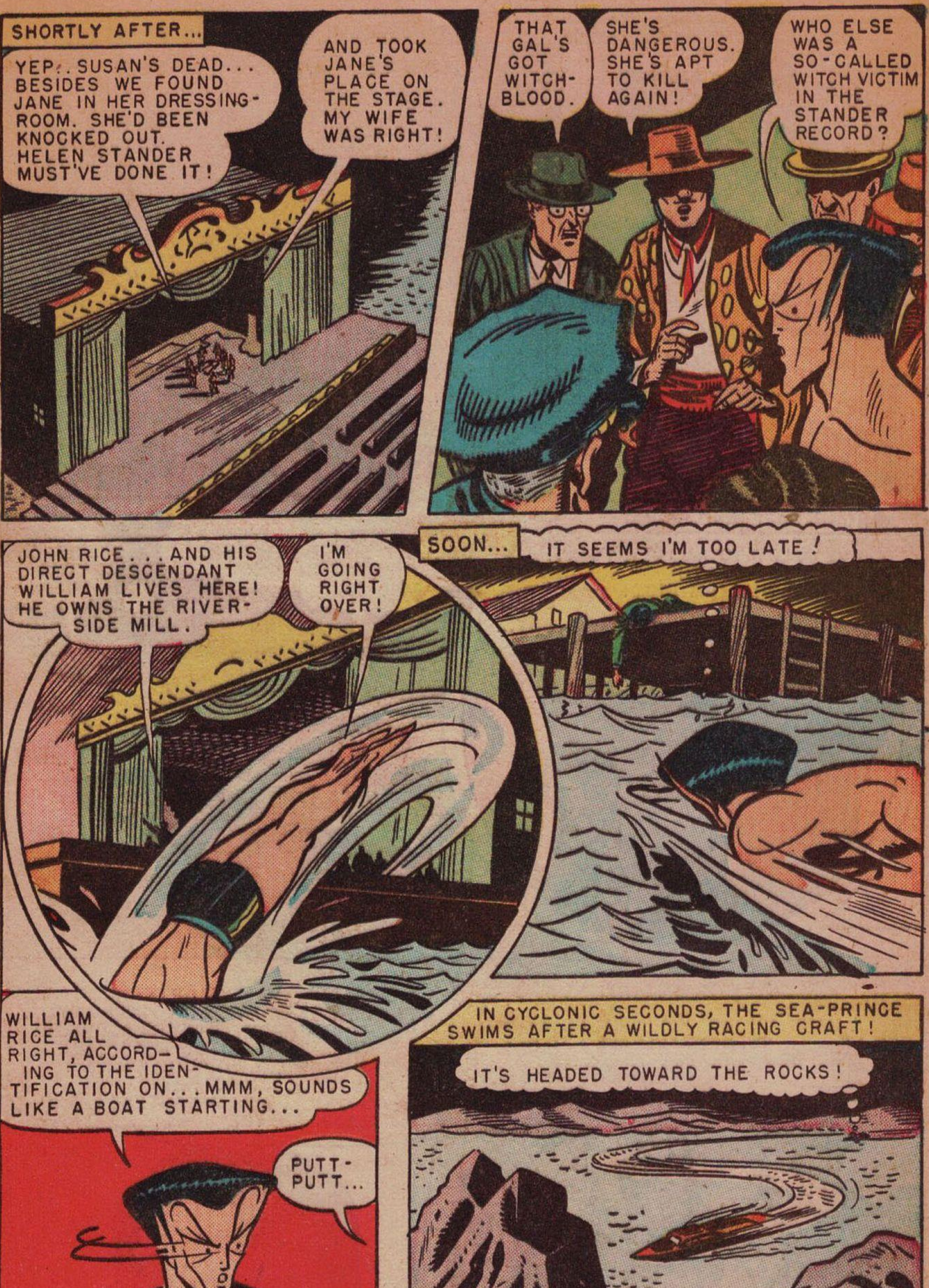

LATER...
WE HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO LOCATE HER, NAMOR, I'M WONDERING... WHY WAS THAT BUS DRIVER STRICKEN?
YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN WITCHES, BETTY? COME ON, TIME FOR THE PAGEANT..

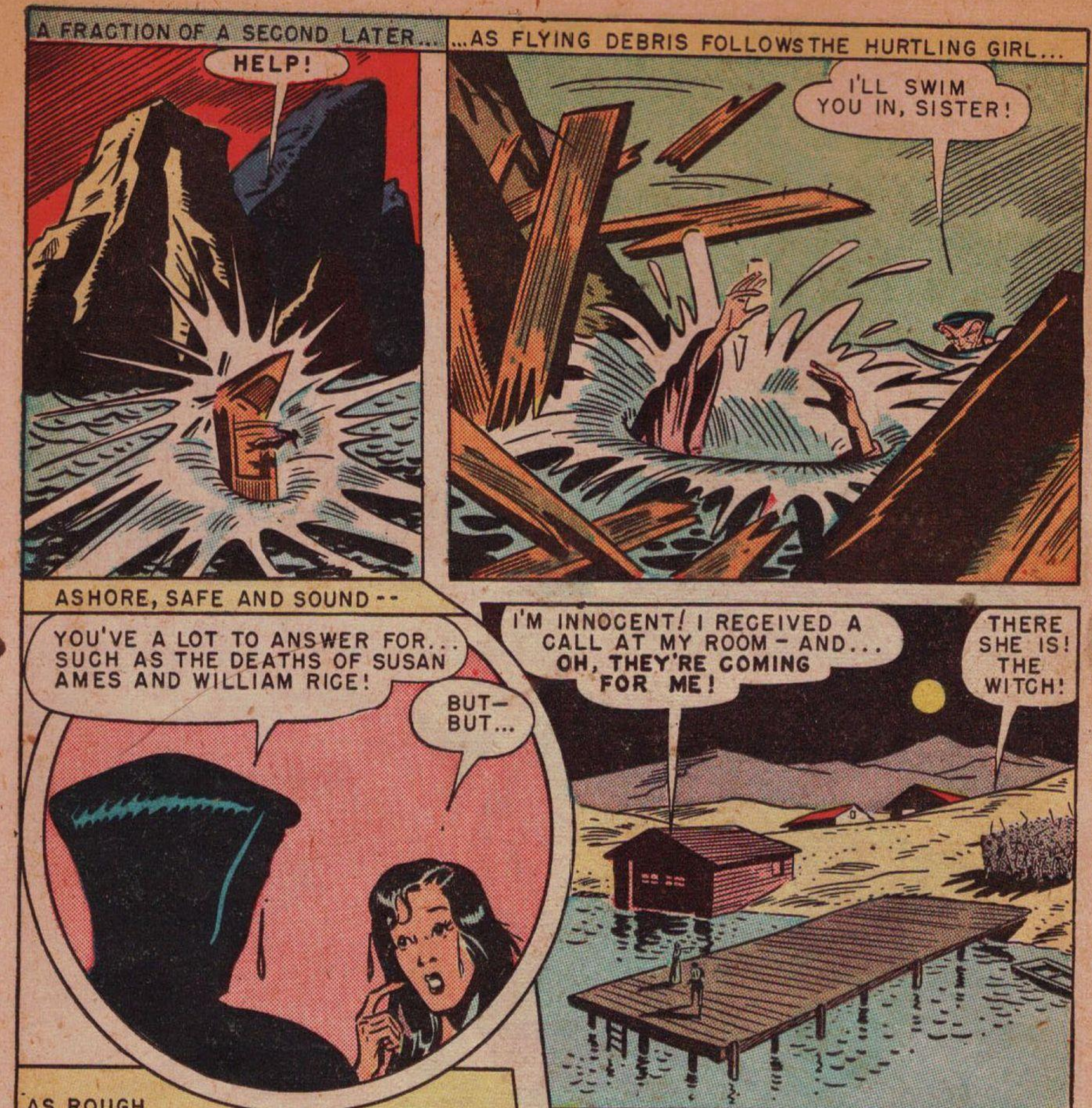

ON THE GREAT WATERFRONT STAGE...
HEAR YE! NEXT ON THE PROGRAM IS A DRAMA OF WITCHCRAFT. JANE WALLIS WILL TAKE THE PART OF HELEN STANDER, THE FIRST WITCH CONDEMNED TO DEATH. SUSAN AMES, DIRECT DESCENDANT OF HELEN STANDER'S FIRST VICTIM - DAME SUSAN AMES - WILL PLAY THE VICTIM... OVERTURE, PLEASE!

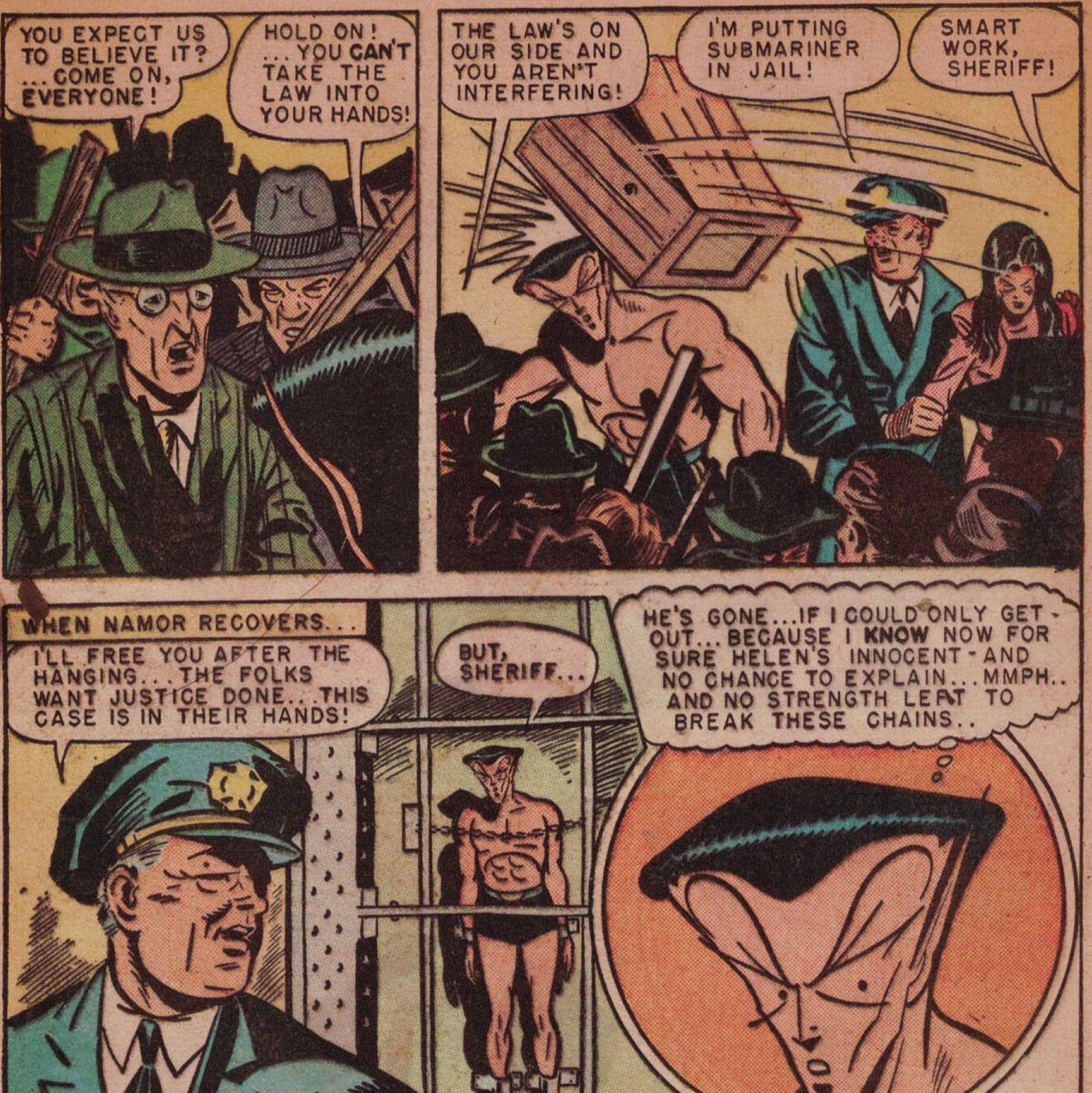

WHILE IN JANE WALLIS'S DRESSING-ROOM...
OHHH...
ONLY I CAN PLAY THAT STAR ROLE!


A STARTLINGLY REALISTIC PLAYLET IS ENACTED.
I'M SO HAPPY YOU LIKE THE BOUQUET I BROUGHT, DAME SUSAN.
IT'S BEAUTI... OHHH!

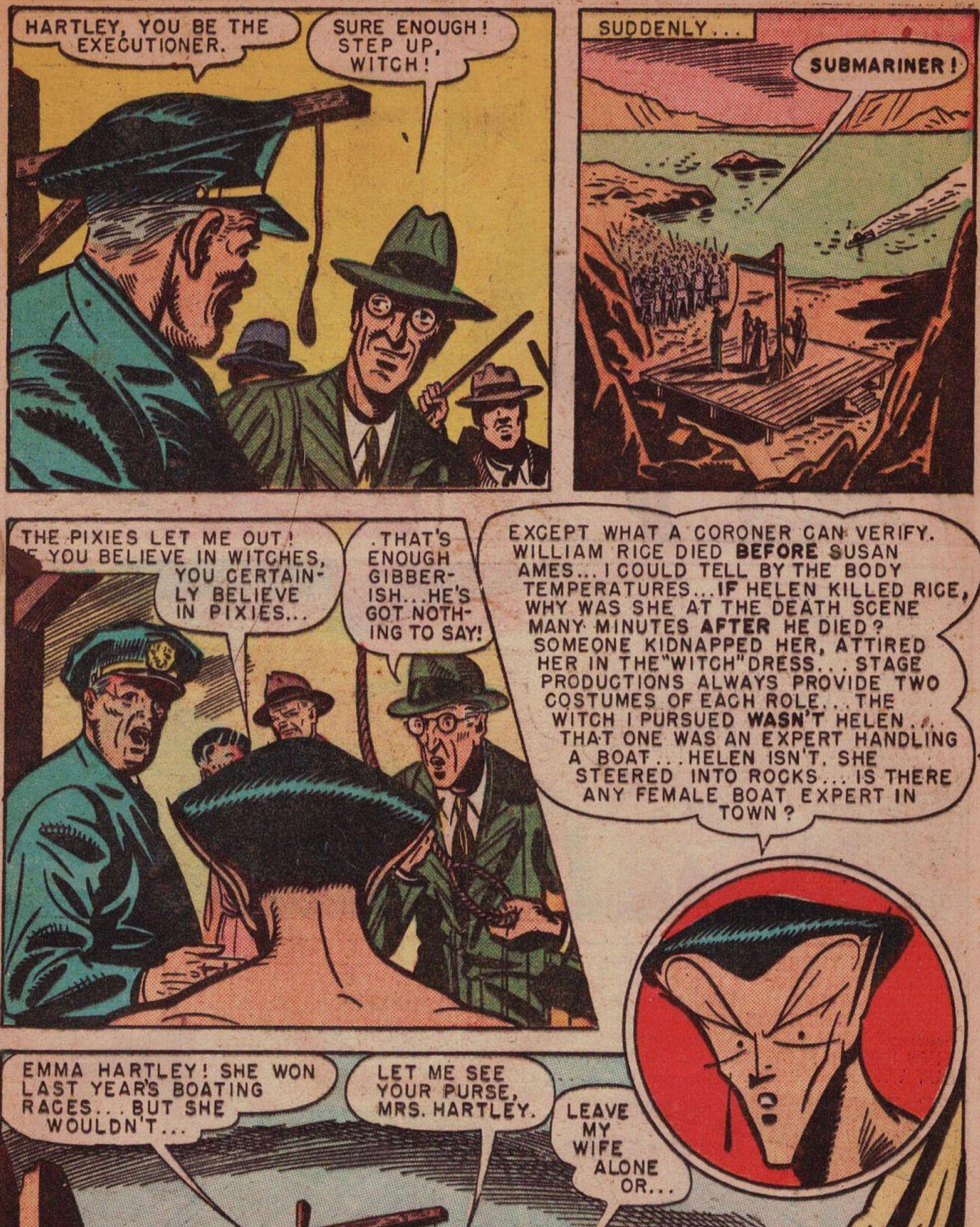

IT GIVES ME THE CHILLS... SHE'S COLLAPSED SO REALISTICALLY!
A MOMENT LATER, THE PLAYLET GATHERS CLIMACTIC IMPACT!
DAME AMES IS **DEAD!**... IT'S **WITCHCRAFT!**
CATCH THAT WITCH! WE'LL HANG HER!
A TUG OF THIS ROPE AND...
SUDDENLY...
CRAWLING CATFISH! THAT'S NOT IN THE SHOW!
THE KEEN-EYED SEA PRINCE, ALERTED FOR ACTION, SWIFTLY SPIES...
SHE'S GONE ABOARD THAT LAUNCH!
WITH FLASHING STROKES, NAMOR OVERTAKES THE CRAFT, IS CLIMBING ABOARD, WHEN...
HEAD-THROBBING SECONDS LATER...
BOAT'S GONE! WHAT A NASTY BUSINESS! WHATEVER THAT FEMALE IS, SHE'S NO LADY!

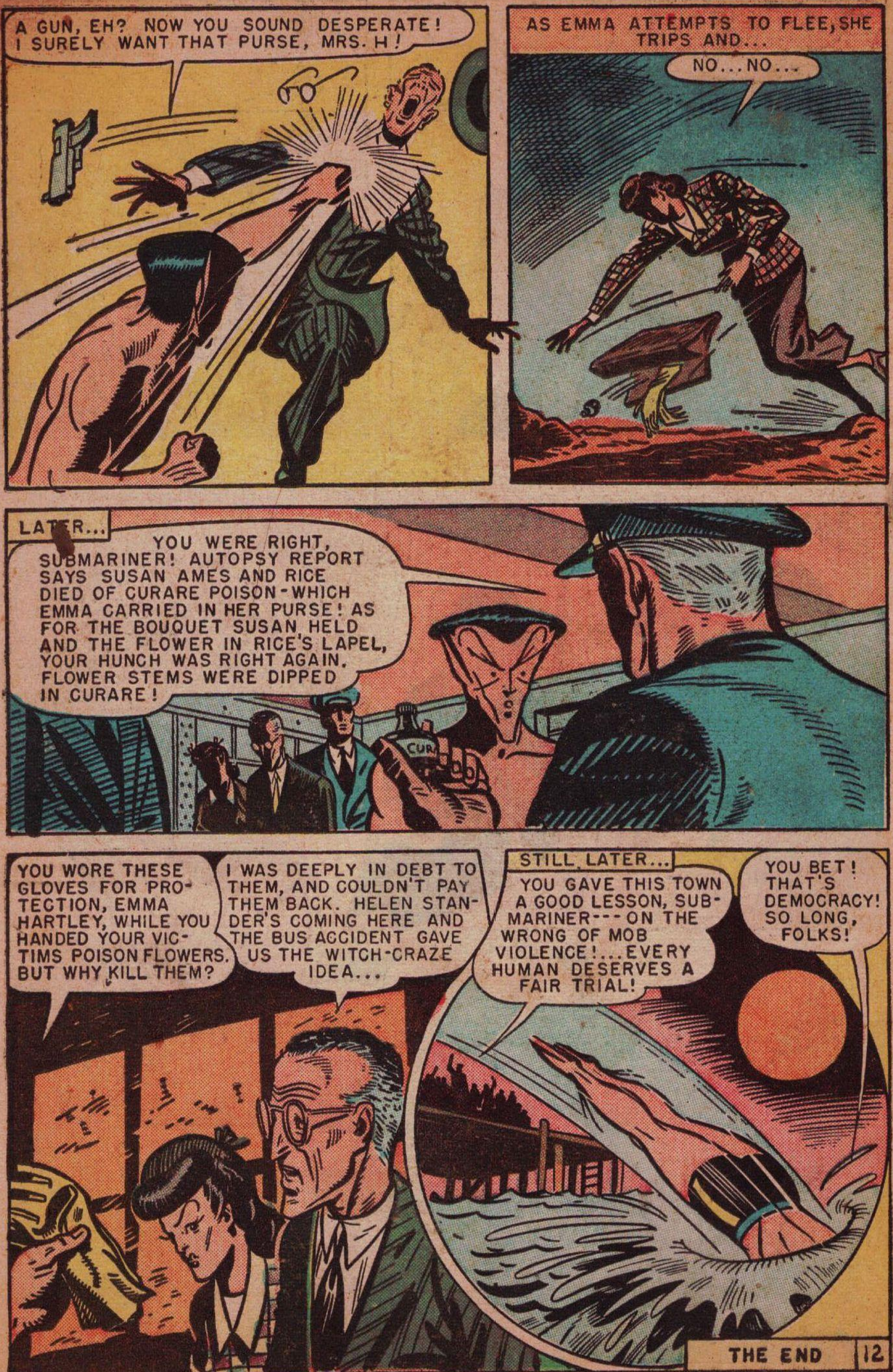

SHORTLY AFTER...
YEP.. SUSAN'S DEAD... BESIDES WE FOUND JANE IN HER DRESSING-ROOM. SHE'D BEEN KNOCKED OUT. HELEN STANDER MUST'VE DONE IT!
AND TOOK JANE'S PLACE ON THE STAGE. MY WIFE WAS RIGHT!
THAT GAL'S GOT WITCH-BLOOD.
SHE'S DANGEROUS. SHE'S APT TO KILL AGAIN!
WHO ELSE WAS A SO-CALLED WITCH VICTIM IN THE STANDER RECORD?
JOHN RICE... AND HIS DIRECT DESCENDANT WILLIAM LIVES HERE! HE OWNS THE RIVER-SIDE MILL.
I'M GOING RIGHT OVER!
SOON...
IT SEEMS I'M TOO LATE!
WILLIAM RICE ALL RIGHT, ACCORDING TO THE IDENTIFICATION ON... MMM, SOUNDS LIKE A BOAT STARTING...
PUTT-PUTT...
IN CYCLONIC SECONDS, THE SEA-PRINCE SWIMS AFTER A WILDLY RACING CRAFT!
IT'S HEADED TOWARD THE ROCKS!


A FRACTION OF A SECOND LATER...
HELP!
...AS FLYING DEBRIS FOLLOWS THE HURTLING GIRL...
I'LL SWIM YOU IN, SISTER!
ASHORE, SAFE AND SOUND--
YOU'VE A LOT TO ANSWER FOR... SUCH AS THE DEATHS OF SUSAN AMES AND WILLIAM RICE!
BUT—BUT...
I'M INNOCENT! I RECEIVED A CALL AT MY ROOM - AND... **OH, THEY'RE COMING FOR ME!**
THERE SHE IS! THE WITCH!
AS ROUGH HANDS SNATCH THE SUSPECTED WITCH-GIRL...
WE'LL HANG HER AT GALLOW'S ISLE!
NO! I'M INNOCENT! PLEASE LISTEN TO ME!
LISTEN TO HER. LET'S HEAR HER STORY!
A MAN PHONED THIS AFTERNOON THAT I WAS WANTED ON THE DOCKS... SOMETHING ABOUT THE BUS ACCIDENT. I WENT, WAS STRUCK ON THE HEAD, AND REMEMBER NOTHING UNTIL I FOUND MYSELF HERE NEAR THAT DEAD MAN. I WAS FRIGHTENED, AND RAN ABOARD THE BOAT.


YOU EXPECT US TO BELIEVE IT? ... COME ON, EVERYONE!
HOLD ON! ... YOU CAN'T TAKE THE LAW INTO YOUR HANDS!
THE LAW'S ON OUR SIDE AND YOU AREN'T INTERFERING!
I'M PUTTING SUBMARINER IN JAIL!
SMART WORK, SHERIFF!
WHEN NAMOR RECOVERS...
I'LL FREE YOU AFTER THE HANGING... THE FOLKS WANT JUSTICE DONE... THIS CASE IS IN THEIR HANDS!
BUT, SHERIFF...
HE'S GONE... IF I COULD ONLY GET-OUT... BECAUSE I KNOW NOW FOR SURE HELEN'S INNOCENT-AND NO CHANCE TO EXPLAIN... MMPH.. AND NO STRENGTH LEFT TO BREAK THESE CHAINS..
AS NAMOR DESPERATELY SEARCHES HIS MIND FOR A MEANS OF ESCAPE...
FIRE! ... THE JAIL'S ON FIRE!
WHAT A SWEET BREAK... THERE'S A CHANCE TO GET SOME WATER ON ME.
FIRE! ... I'M BURNING ALIVE IN HERE!

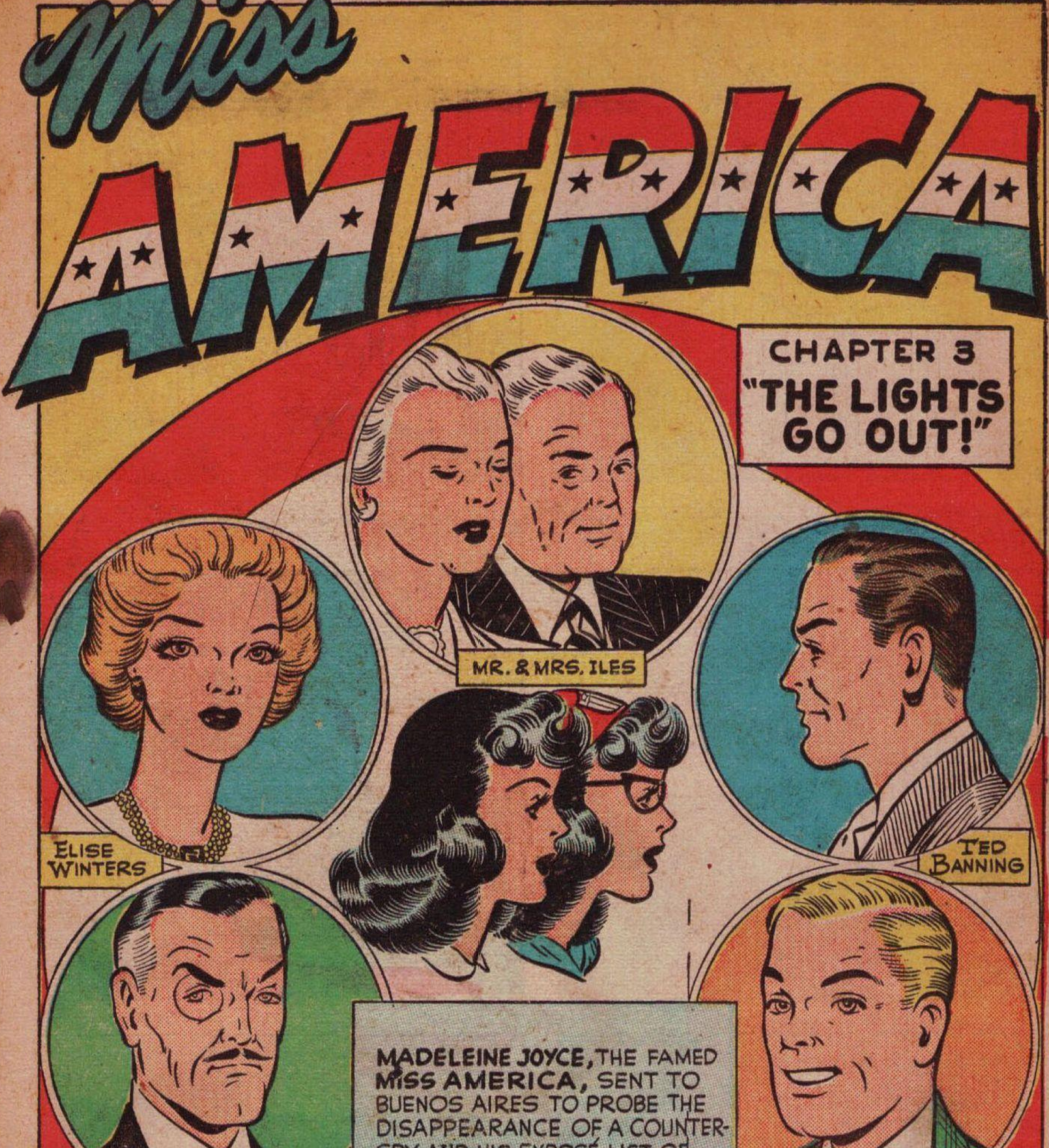
FATE IS WITH ME! AHHH! NOW IRON BARS DO NOT A PRISON MAKE.
STRENGTH RENEWED, SUBMARINER EASILY SMASHES OUT THE CELL DOOR!
BETTY... JUMPING JELLYFISH! SO YOU'RE THE ONE!
I HAD TO DO SOMETHING TO FREE YOU... I FOUND THESE SMOKE BOMBS IN A SHED AND FAKED THE FIRE...
BETTY, YOU'RE WONDERFUL! I COULD... HANG IT, I WILL!
WOW! NEVER THOUGHT I'D LIVE TO SEE THAT!
NEITHER DID I! GOT TO RUSH NOW- ANOTHER DATE!
MEANWHILE, ON GALLOW'S ISLE...
DON'T... I'M INNOCENT!
WE'LL HANG THE WITCH, HANG HER HIGH! AND NO MORE SHE'LL SLAY, WITH HER EVIL EYE!


HARTLEY, YOU BE THE EXECUTIONER.
SURE ENOUGH! STEP UP, WITCH!
SUDDENLY...
SUBMARINER!
THE PIXIES LET ME OUT! IF YOU BELIEVE IN WITCHES, YOU CERTAINLY BELIEVE IN PIXIES...
.THAT'S ENOUGH GIBBERISH...HE'S GOT NOTHING TO SAY!
EXCEPT WHAT A CORONER CAN VERIFY. WILLIAM RICE DIED **BEFORE** SUSAN AMES... I COULD TELL BY THE BODY TEMPERATURES...**IF** HELEN KILLED RICE, WHY WAS SHE AT THE DEATH SCENE MANY MINUTES **AFTER** HE DIED? SOMEONE KIDNAPPED HER, ATTIRED HER IN THE "WITCH" DRESS... STAGE PRODUCTIONS ALWAYS PROVIDE TWO COSTUMES OF EACH ROLE... THE WITCH I PURSUED **WASN'T** HELEN... THAT ONE WAS AN EXPERT HANDLING A BOAT...HELEN ISN'T. SHE STEERED INTO ROCKS... IS THERE ANY FEMALE BOAT EXPERT IN TOWN?
EMMA HARTLEY! SHE WON LAST YEAR'S BOATING RACES... BUT SHE WOULDN'T...
LET ME SEE YOUR PURSE, MRS. HARTLEY.
LEAVE MY WIFE ALONE OR...


A GUN, EH? NOW YOU SOUND DESPERATE! I SURELY WANT THAT PURSE, MRS. H!
AS EMMA ATTEMPTS TO FLEE, SHE TRIPS AND...
NO...NO...
LATER...
YOU WERE RIGHT, SUBMARINER! AUTOPSY REPORT SAYS SUSAN AMES AND RICE DIED OF CURARE POISON-WHICH EMMA CARRIED IN HER PURSE! AS FOR THE BOUQUET SUSAN HELD AND THE FLOWER IN RICE'S LAPEL, YOUR HUNCH WAS RIGHT AGAIN. FLOWER STEMS WERE DIPPED IN CURARE!
CUR
YOU WORE THESE GLOVES FOR PROTECTION, EMMA HARTLEY, WHILE YOU HANDED YOUR VICTIMS POISON FLOWERS. BUT WHY KILL THEM?
I WAS DEEPLY IN DEBT TO THEM, AND COULDN'T PAY THEM BACK. HELEN STANDER'S COMING HERE AND THE BUS ACCIDENT GAVE US THE WITCH-CRAZE IDEA...
STILL LATER...
YOU GAVE THIS TOWN A GOOD LESSON, SUB-MARINER--- ON THE WRONG OF MOB VIOLENCE!...EVERY HUMAN DESERVES A FAIR TRIAL!
YOU BET! THAT'S DEMOCRACY! SO LONG, FOLKS!
THE END
12

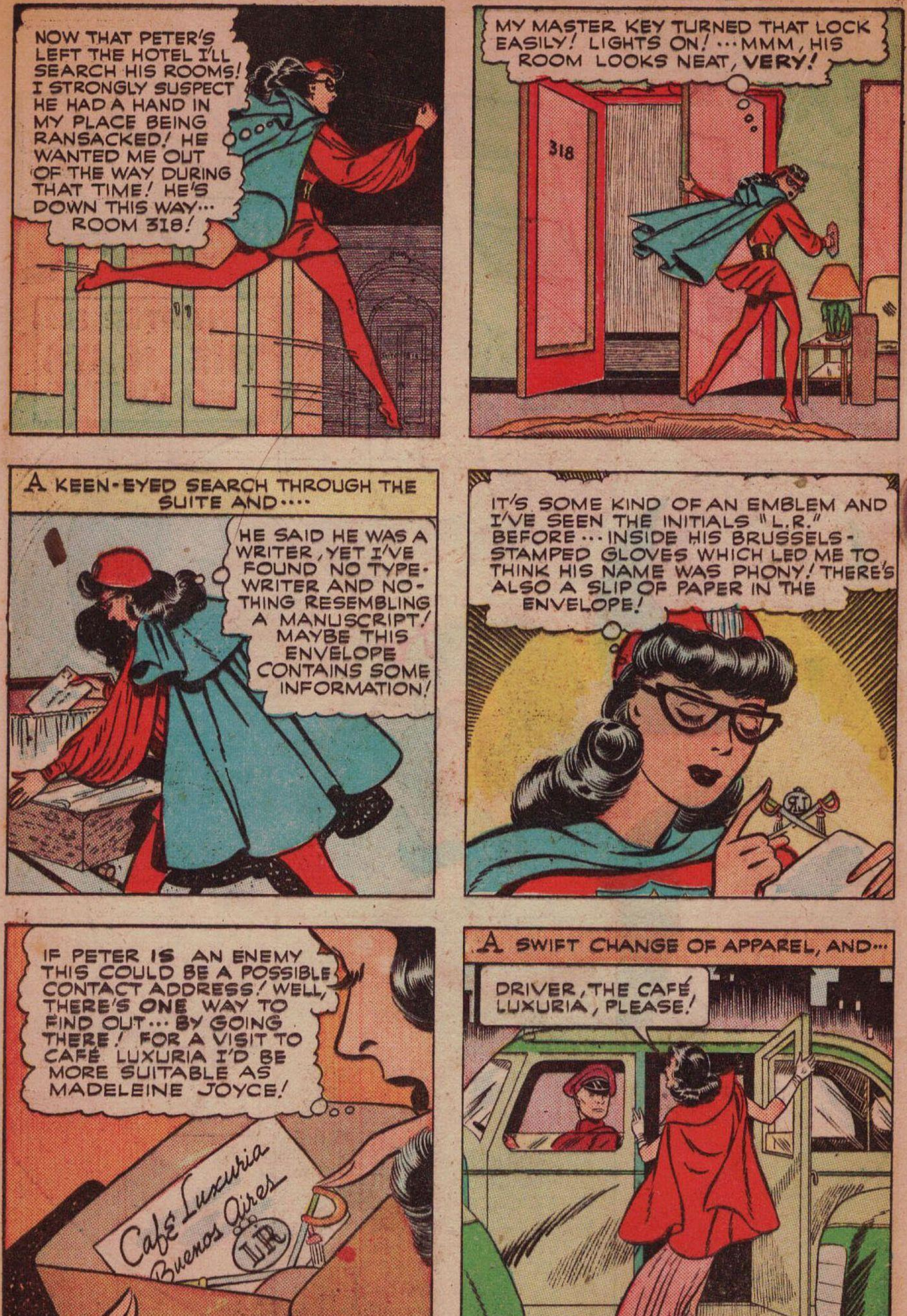
Miss AMERICA

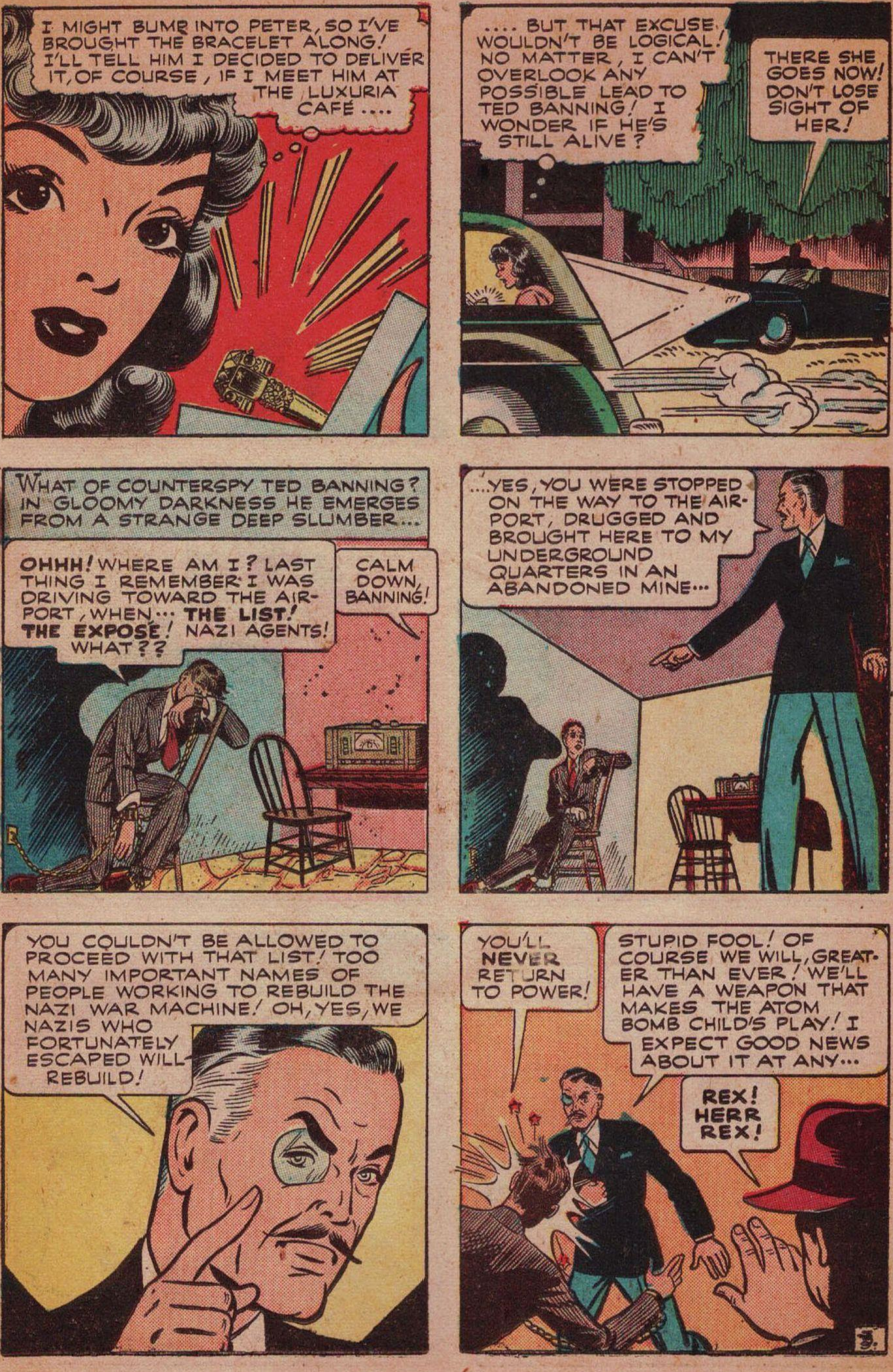
CHAPTER 3
"THE LIGHTS GO OUT!"

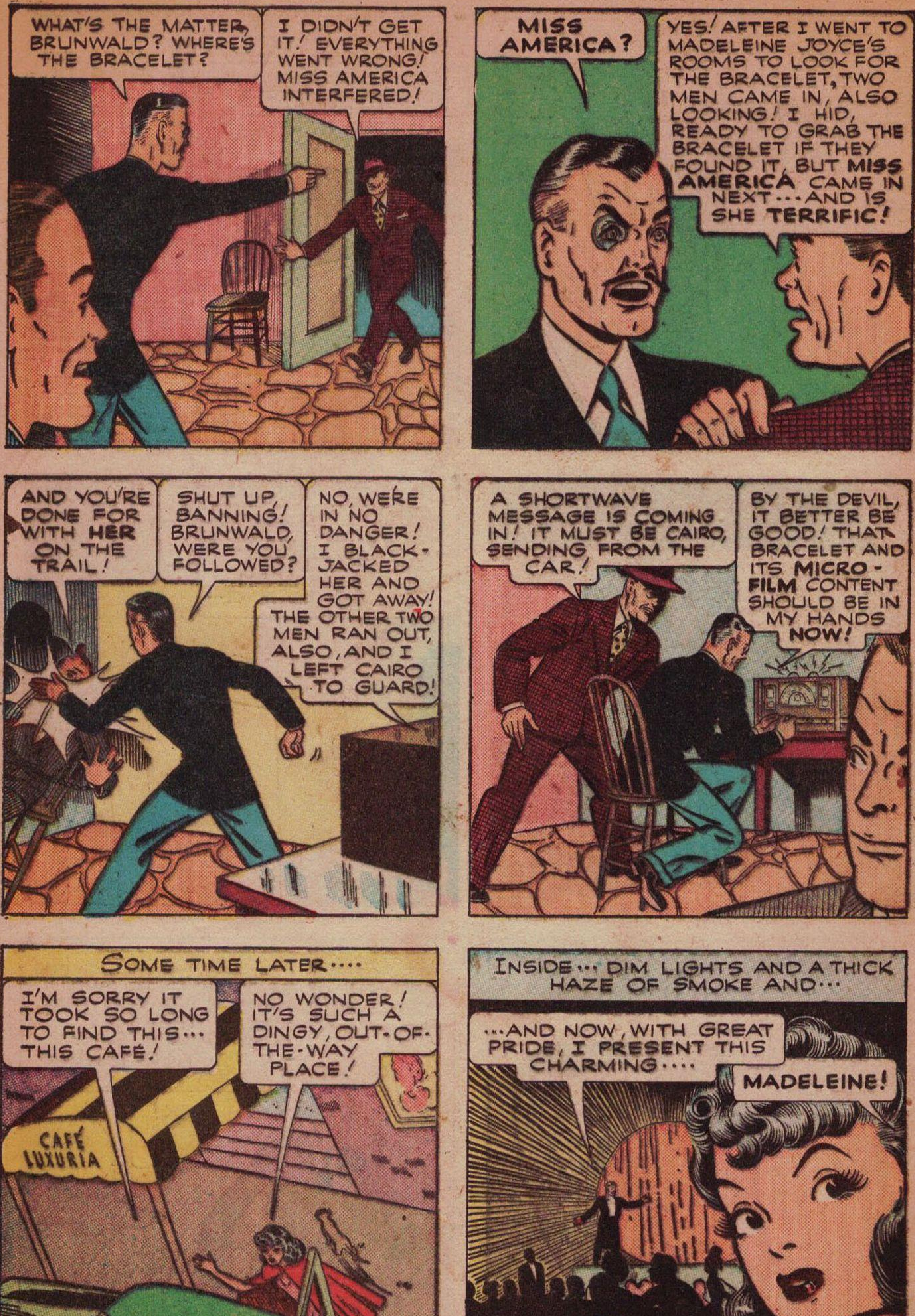

MR. & MRS. ILES
ELISE WINTERS
TED BANNING
REX
PETER CARR

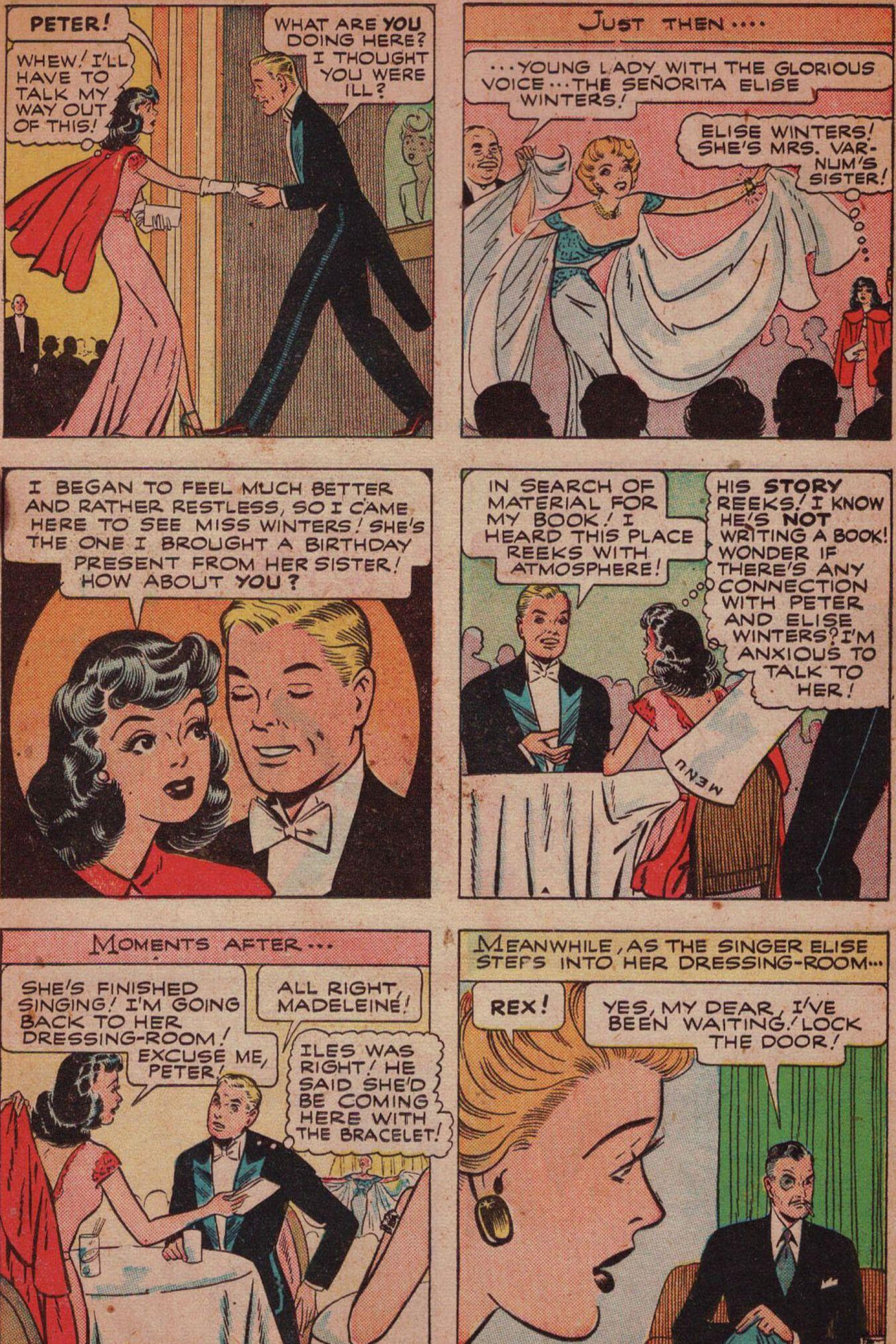
MADELEINE JOYCE, THE FAMED **MISS AMERICA,** SENT TO BUENOS AIRES TO PROBE THE DISAPPEARANCE OF A COUNTER-SPY AND HIS EXPOSÉ LIST OF ESCAPED NAZIS, FINDS THAT GUNMEN HAVE RANSACKED HER HOTEL SUITE! UNKNOWN TO HER, AN APPARENTLY INNOCUOUS BRACELET IS THE BOOTY THEY SEEK! NOW SUSPICIOUS OF HANDSOME PETER CARR, WHOM SHE HAD MET EN ROUTE TO BUENOS AIRES, **MISS AMERICA** IS ABOUT TO DO SOME INVESTIGATING...

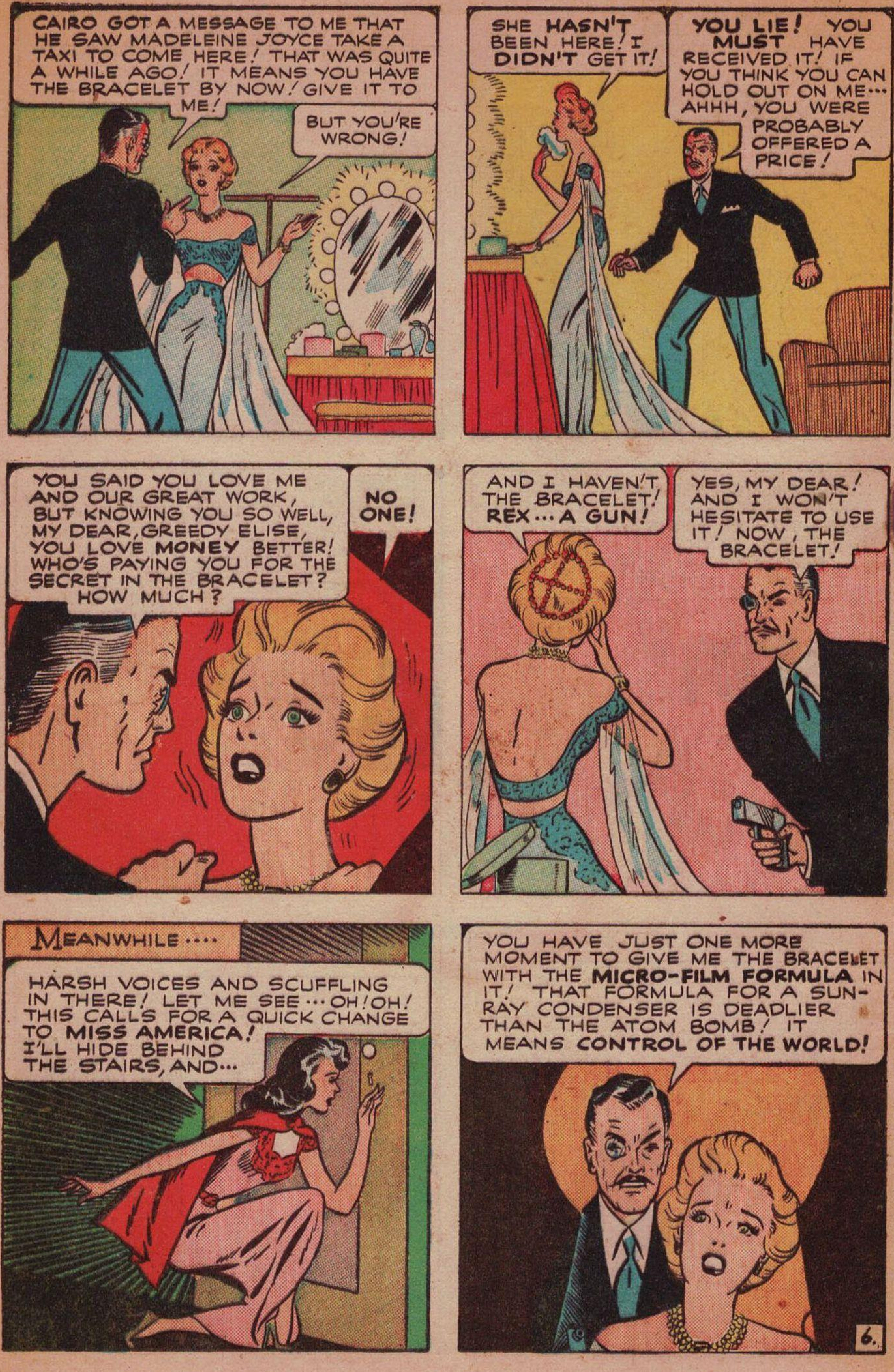
R419

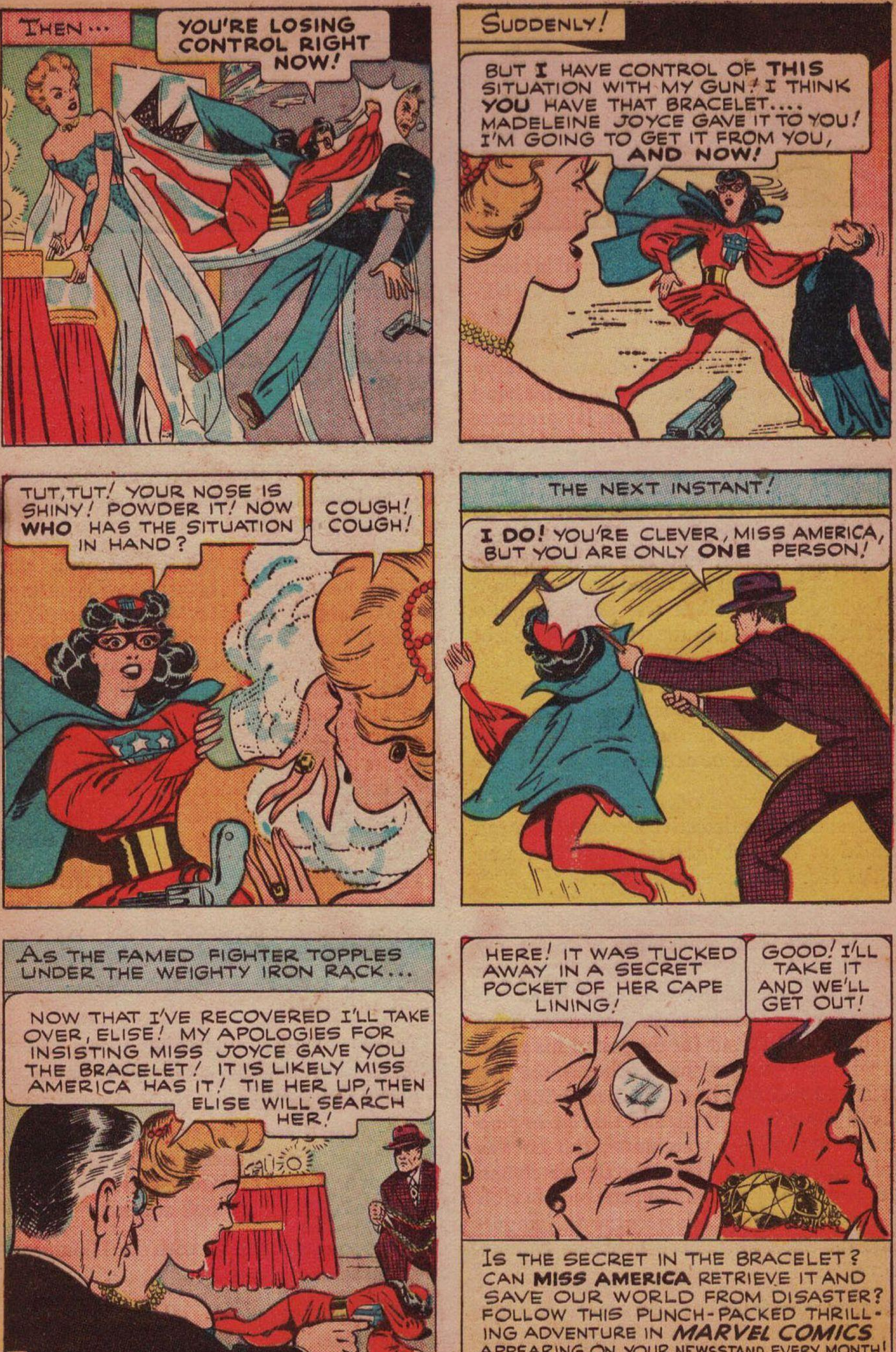

NOW THAT PETER'S LEFT THE HOTEL I'LL SEARCH HIS ROOMS! I STRONGLY SUSPECT HE HAD A HAND IN MY PLACE BEING RANSACKED! HE WANTED ME OUT OF THE WAY DURING THAT TIME! HE'S DOWN THIS WAY... ROOM 318!
MY MASTER KEY TURNED THAT LOCK EASILY! LIGHTS ON! ...MMM, HIS ROOM LOOKS NEAT, **VERY!**
318
A KEEN-EYED SEARCH THROUGH THE SUITE AND....
HE SAID HE WAS A WRITER, YET I'VE FOUND NO TYPEWRITER AND NOTHING RESEMBLING A MANUSCRIPT! MAYBE THIS ENVELOPE CONTAINS SOME INFORMATION!
IT'S SOME KIND OF AN EMBLEM AND I'VE SEEN THE INITIALS "L.R." BEFORE... INSIDE HIS BRUSSELS-STAMPED GLOVES WHICH LED ME TO THINK HIS NAME WAS PHONY! THERE'S ALSO A SLIP OF PAPER IN THE ENVELOPE!
IF PETER **IS** AN ENEMY THIS COULD BE A POSSIBLE CONTACT ADDRESS! WELL, THERE'S **ONE** WAY TO FIND OUT... BY GOING THERE! FOR A VISIT TO CAFÉ LUXURIA I'D BE MORE SUITABLE AS MADELEINE JOYCE!
Café Luxuria Buenos Aires
LR
A SWIFT CHANGE OF APPAREL, AND...
DRIVER, THE CAFÉ LUXURIA, PLEASE!
2.


I MIGHT BUMP INTO PETER, SO I'VE BROUGHT THE BRACELET ALONG! I'LL TELL HIM I DECIDED TO DELIVER IT, OF COURSE, IF I MEET HIM AT THE LUXURIA CAFÉ ....
.... BUT THAT EXCUSE WOULDN'T BE LOGICAL! NO MATTER, I CAN'T OVERLOOK ANY POSSIBLE LEAD TO TED BANNING! I WONDER IF HE'S STILL ALIVE?
THERE SHE GOES NOW! DON'T LOSE SIGHT OF HER!
WHAT OF COUNTERSPY TED BANNING? IN GLOOMY DARKNESS HE EMERGES FROM A STRANGE DEEP SLUMBER...
OHHH! WHERE AM I? LAST THING I REMEMBER I WAS DRIVING TOWARD THE AIRPORT, WHEN... THE LIST! THE EXPOSÉ! NAZI AGENTS! WHAT??
CALM DOWN, BANNING!
...YES, YOU WERE STOPPED ON THE WAY TO THE AIRPORT, DRUGGED AND BROUGHT HERE TO MY UNDERGROUND QUARTERS IN AN ABANDONED MINE...
YOU COULDN'T BE ALLOWED TO PROCEED WITH THAT LIST! TOO MANY IMPORTANT NAMES OF PEOPLE WORKING TO REBUILD THE NAZI WAR MACHINE! OH, YES, WE NAZIS WHO FORTUNATELY ESCAPED WILL REBUILD!
YOU'LL NEVER RETURN TO POWER!
STUPID FOOL! OF COURSE WE WILL, GREATER THAN EVER! WE'LL HAVE A WEAPON THAT MAKES THE ATOM BOMB CHILD'S PLAY! I EXPECT GOOD NEWS ABOUT IT AT ANY...
REX! HERR REX!


WHAT'S THE MATTER, BRUNWALD? WHERE'S THE BRACELET?
I DIDN'T GET IT! EVERYTHING WENT WRONG! MISS AMERICA INTERFERED!
MISS AMERICA?
YES! AFTER I WENT TO MADELEINE JOYCE'S ROOMS TO LOOK FOR THE BRACELET, TWO MEN CAME IN, ALSO LOOKING! I HID, READY TO GRAB THE BRACELET IF THEY FOUND IT, BUT **MISS AMERICA** CAME IN NEXT --- AND IS SHE **TERRIFIC!**
AND YOU'RE DONE FOR WITH **HER** ON THE TRAIL!
SHUT UP, BANNING! BRUNWALD, WERE YOU FOLLOWED?
NO, WE'RE IN NO DANGER! I BLACKJACKED HER AND GOT AWAY! THE OTHER TWO MEN RAN OUT, ALSO, AND I LEFT CAIRO TO GUARD!
A SHORTWAVE MESSAGE IS COMING IN! IT MUST BE CAIRO, SENDING FROM THE CAR!
BY THE DEVIL, IT BETTER BE GOOD! THAT BRACELET AND ITS **MICRO-FILM** CONTENT SHOULD BE IN MY HANDS **NOW!**
SOME TIME LATER....
I'M SORRY IT TOOK SO LONG TO FIND THIS... THIS CAFÉ!
NO WONDER! IT'S SUCH A DINGY, OUT-OF-THE-WAY PLACE!
CAFÉ LUXURIA
INSIDE... DIM LIGHTS AND A THICK HAZE OF SMOKE AND...
...AND NOW, WITH GREAT PRIDE, I PRESENT THIS CHARMING....
MADELEINE!
4


PETER!
WHEW! I'LL HAVE TO TALK MY WAY OUT OF THIS!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? I THOUGHT YOU WERE ILL?
JUST THEN....
...YOUNG LADY WITH THE GLORIOUS VOICE...THE SEÑORITA ELISE WINTERS!
ELISE WINTERS! SHE'S MRS. VARNUM'S SISTER!
I BEGAN TO FEEL MUCH BETTER AND RATHER RESTLESS, SO I CAME HERE TO SEE MISS WINTERS! SHE'S THE ONE I BROUGHT A BIRTHDAY PRESENT FROM HER SISTER! HOW ABOUT YOU?
IN SEARCH OF MATERIAL FOR MY BOOK! I HEARD THIS PLACE REEKS WITH ATMOSPHERE!
HIS STORY REEKS! I KNOW HE'S NOT WRITING A BOOK! WONDER IF THERE'S ANY CONNECTION WITH PETER AND ELISE WINTERS? I'M ANXIOUS TO TALK TO HER!
MENU
MOMENTS AFTER...
SHE'S FINISHED SINGING! I'M GOING BACK TO HER DRESSING-ROOM! EXCUSE ME, PETER!
ALL RIGHT, MADELEINE!
ILES WAS RIGHT! HE SAID SHE'D BE COMING HERE WITH THE BRACELET!
MEANWHILE, AS THE SINGER ELISE STEPS INTO HER DRESSING-ROOM...
REX!
YES, MY DEAR, I'VE BEEN WAITING! LOCK THE DOOR!


CAIRO GOT A MESSAGE TO ME THAT HE SAW MADELEINE JOYCE TAKE A TAXI TO COME HERE! THAT WAS QUITE A WHILE AGO! IT MEANS YOU HAVE THE BRACELET BY NOW! GIVE IT TO ME!
BUT YOU'RE WRONG!
SHE **HASN'T** BEEN HERE! I **DIDN'T** GET IT!
YOU LIE! YOU **MUST** HAVE RECEIVED IT! IF YOU THINK YOU CAN HOLD OUT ON ME··· AHHH, YOU WERE PROBABLY OFFERED A PRICE!
YOU SAID YOU LOVE ME AND OUR GREAT WORK, BUT KNOWING YOU SO WELL, MY DEAR, GREEDY ELISE, YOU LOVE **MONEY** BETTER! WHO'S PAYING YOU FOR THE SECRET IN THE BRACELET? HOW MUCH?
NO ONE!
AND I HAVEN'T THE BRACELET! **REX··· A GUN!**
YES, MY DEAR! AND I WON'T HESITATE TO USE IT! NOW, THE BRACELET!
MEANWHILE····
HARSH VOICES AND SCUFFLING IN THERE! LET ME SEE···OH! OH! THIS CALLS FOR A QUICK CHANGE TO **MISS AMERICA!** I'LL HIDE BEHIND THE STAIRS, AND···
YOU HAVE JUST ONE MORE MOMENT TO GIVE ME THE BRACELET WITH THE **MICRO-FILM FORMULA** IN IT! THAT FORMULA FOR A SUN-RAY CONDENSER IS DEADLIER THAN THE ATOM BOMB! IT MEANS **CONTROL OF THE WORLD!**


THEN...
YOU'RE LOSING CONTROL RIGHT NOW!
SUDDENLY!
BUT I HAVE CONTROL OF THIS SITUATION WITH MY GUN! I THINK YOU HAVE THAT BRACELET.... MADELEINE JOYCE GAVE IT TO YOU! I'M GOING TO GET IT FROM YOU, AND NOW!
TUT, TUT! YOUR NOSE IS SHINY! POWDER IT! NOW WHO HAS THE SITUATION IN HAND?
COUGH! COUGH!
THE NEXT INSTANT!
I DO! YOU'RE CLEVER, MISS AMERICA, BUT YOU ARE ONLY ONE PERSON!
AS THE FAMED FIGHTER TOPPLES UNDER THE WEIGHTY IRON RACK...
NOW THAT I'VE RECOVERED I'LL TAKE OVER, ELISE! MY APOLOGIES FOR INSISTING MISS JOYCE GAVE YOU THE BRACELET! IT IS LIKELY MISS AMERICA HAS IT! TIE HER UP, THEN ELISE WILL SEARCH HER!
7.
HERE! IT WAS TUCKED AWAY IN A SECRET POCKET OF HER CAPE LINING!
GOOD! I'LL TAKE IT AND WE'LL GET OUT!
IS THE SECRET IN THE BRACELET? CAN MISS AMERICA RETRIEVE IT AND SAVE OUR WORLD FROM DISASTER? FOLLOW THIS PUNCH-PACKED THRILLING ADVENTURE IN MARVEL COMICS APPEARING ON YOUR NEWSSTAND EVERY MONTH!

ONE DAY TO LIVE!

BART THOMPSON had persisted in claiming his innocence. If only those two witnesses to the "slugging" of Pop Holliday hadn't been so insistent! They had walked around the corner of the warehouse building and seen Bart with the bloody club in his hand . . . and Pop, the night watchman, lay prostrate on the ground before him, a deep gash in his forehead.

And yet, there was one rookie detective who had been assigned to the case, along with several veteran sleuths, who felt all along Bart Thompson had been convicted on circumstantial evidence, and there *was* the possibility that the kid was telling the truth when he said that he had "just happened on the scene . . . saw old man Holliday on the ground before the large warehouse door in the alley, and picked up the club through curiosity, when those 'witnesses' came around the corner and saw him."

Older and wiser detective Danny McGowan grinned at the younger man. He had seen rookies like Mac Cooper before.

"Look, Mac . . . that warehouse was jammed with valuable furs; a tempting prize for any thief! True, it wasn't proven that Thompson had actually entered the warehouse. But a fortune in furs *had* been stolen. Thompson must have been the lookout for the rest of his gang, and when he slugged the watchman, the rest beat it and left him to take the rap! Sure, he claimed there is no gang, and that he saw no one else around the warehouse. But he was just lying, that's all! There was the watchman dead, and Thompson holding the bloody club which did the killing. His were the *only* fingerprints on the club. That's evidence enough for me!"

But Mac shook his head doubtfully and left the station-house. He was thinking about the strained look on Bart's face when the judge delivered the death sentence:

"On the third day of May, to be hanged by the neck until you are dead. And may . . ."

Then Mac's brain snapped today's date into his mind. It was the second of May! The kid was to die the next day . . . ONE DAY TO LIVE!

Mac could feel a cold shiver play up and down his spine. If Thompson were really innocent, and his life were cut short the next day by the hangman . . .

Mac stopped short and looked up at the building before which he was now standing. It was the warehouse! Mac walked around the building, examining the windows, side-doors, and the ground near the old structure. When he came to the doorway in the alley where the body had been found and Bart beside it, the detective stopped. His eyes were covering every inch of the immediate area. He recalled just how Holliday's body had been stretched over the rough gravel, head toward the doorway and feet facing *away* from the building.

The position of the body was as if it had been *dragged from inside* the warehouse by the feet, and then deposited in the alley outside the door. And it had *never* been proven that young Thompson had entered the building at any time!

"Maybe I've got something there!" Mac thought. "The missing clue I hope to find *may* be inside this place!"

Mac entered and was at once accosted by the manager. The detective made his identity known at once, and told the surprised guy that he was going to take a look around.

"It has something to do with the Thompson case," he said.

"I thought that case was all sewed up?" the manager remarked. "The killer is gonna hang tomorrow, you know. But, if you want to look around, go ahead!"

He walked away into his glass-enclosed office and shut the door. As Mac walked away in the opposite direction, the manager watched him furtively. Then he reached for the phone on his desk and dialed a number.

Mac sauntered leisurely between the rows of steel vaults and the dozens of fur pelts which hung on racks.

"A load of these furs were stolen by someone," he thought. "They claim it was Thompson's gang, and he insisted he didn't belong to any gang. Would a thief try to shield his fellow criminals, when his own life was to be taken from him? I just can't see that at all!"

The more Mac thought over the circumstances, the more he doubted Bart's guilt. He continued his rambling until he came to the end of the main floor. He was now standing near the rear windows. They had iron bars, close together . . . too close to pass fur pelts through them.

And then Mac's eyes fell to his feet. His eyes opened wider as he beheld a thin slit along the floor. And then he noticed three more slits; the four of them formed a solid rectangle. It was . . . *a trap door!* A thin bar of steel was leaning against the wall nearby. Mac grabbed it and began to pry open the door. It lifted enough for him to grab it and pull the door out. A large opening in the floor was revealed, with a ladder leading down about twenty feet! This warehouse was on the edge of the waterfront . . . and green sea-water lapped around the bottom rungs of the ladder!

A flash of realization came to Mac at once. The burglars had used a motorboat to effect the robbery! They had come under the old wharf, up to the ladder, climbed up and pushed the trap door open, and one of them had thrown the furs down into the boat to an accomplice, while another member of the gang had killed Holliday, the watchman, and dragged him by the feet outside into the alley, and dropped the club beside him. Young Thompson had just happened along and found the body and picked up the club in bewilderment. The next two people who came along found him like that, and had, of course, assumed that Bart had murdered Pop. Only Bart Thompson's fingerprints were on the club, because the real murderer had been wearing gloves!

Mac was certain he was right. He replaced the trap door in its proper position, and hurried toward the manager's office. But he stopped short as he saw the latter and two newly-arrived tough-looking mugs, both with guns in hand, headed toward him!

Mac knew he was in for it. He had snooped around and found the missing link . . . how the furs had disappeared. And now the unknown criminals were showing their hand, and were going to trump him! The manager and his two accomplices!

A staccato of bullets resounded through the building. Mac felt the warm blood flow down his left arm from his shoulder, as he ducked behind a steel vault. He drew his revolver and fingered it gently in his right hand. He was outnumbered. He wouldn't be able to get too many shots in! He dashed behind one vault after another, dodging hot lead and waiting for his chance. Then it came. A rack of fur pelts tumbled to the floor, distracting his pursuers. He took careful aim and fired two shots. The two thugs howled with pain as they dropped their guns and grasped their wrists. The manager was not armed, so Mac did not have to worry about him. Before he could stoop and pick up his companion's guns, Mac was in front of him, threatening. The bewildered manager raised his arms, high.

Two policemen on the beat rushed in, attracted by the shooting. Mac made a quick explanation, and they took charge.

. . . Later, in the district attorney's office, after Mac's shoulder had been patched up, a call was put through to the governor, and a stay of excution was granted. The three crooks, overwhelmed by the sudden turn in events, had confessed everything, and Bart Thompson was cleared of any complicity in the crime. The next day, he walked out through the prison gates, a free man.

And do you know what he's doing now? Well, Mac Cooper got him a job, and Bart Thompson is now a proud cop. And his beat . . .? You guessed it . . . along the waterfront, keeping an eye on the warehouses and their valuable contents!

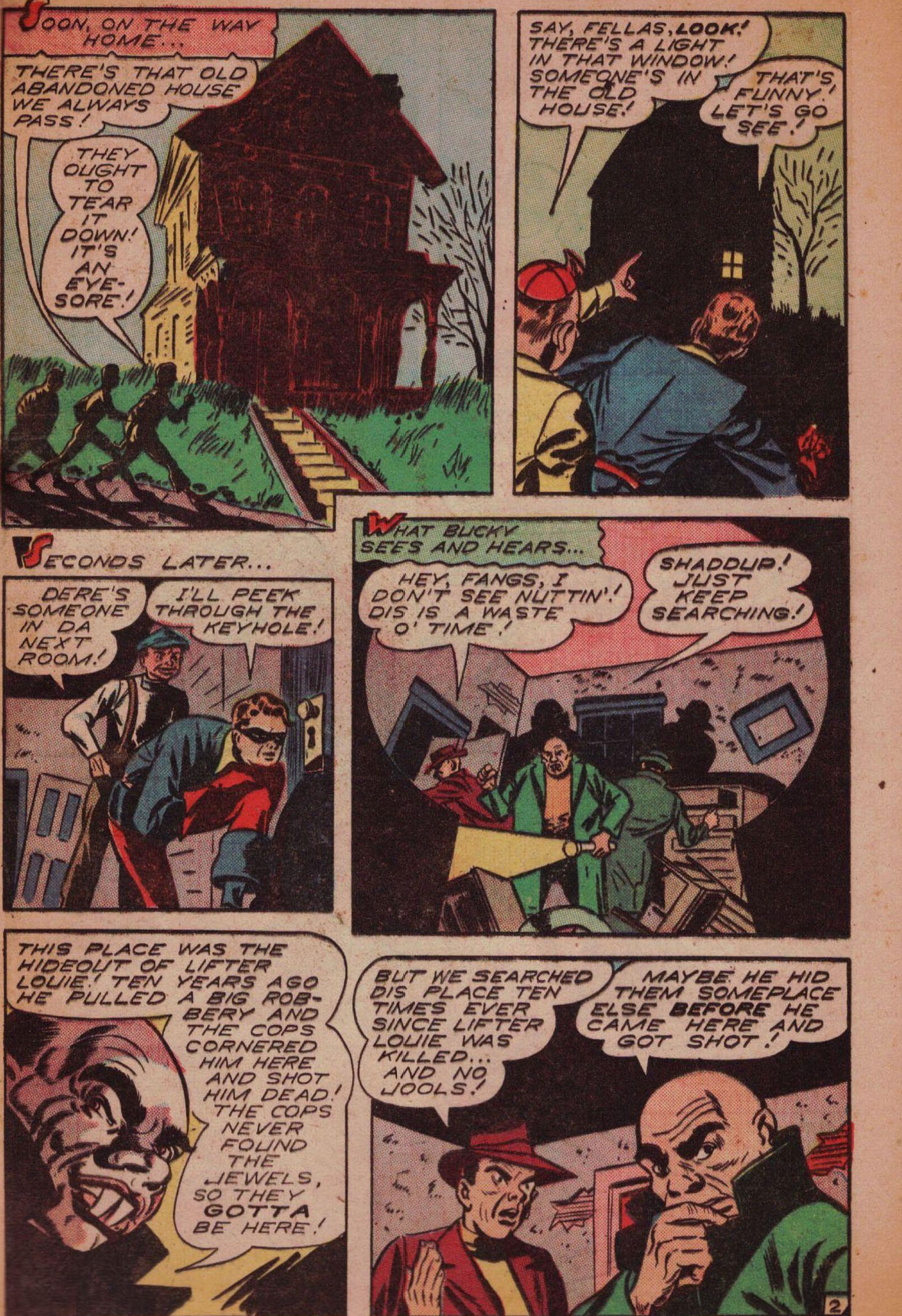
THE END

YOUNG ALLIES

SL-760
AT THE YOUNG ALLIES' CLUBHOUSE...
HO HUM!
IT'S BEEN A LONG DAY, FELLAS! LET'S GO HOME AND GET SOME SHUT-EYE!
ZZZZZ

MANY ARE THE MYSTERIES THAT HAVE AT ONE TIME OR ANOTHER CONFRONTED THE **YOUNG ALLIES!** BUT NONE SO BAFFLING AS NOW WHEN THEY FOLLOW THE DIRECTIONS OF A "TREASURE MAP" AND FIND... **NOTHING!** TRAILED BY RUTHLESS CROOKS, FIGHTING FOR THEIR LIVES AT EVERY TURN, THE VALIANT BOYS TRY TO SOLVE THE SPINE-CHILLING RIDDLE OF THE

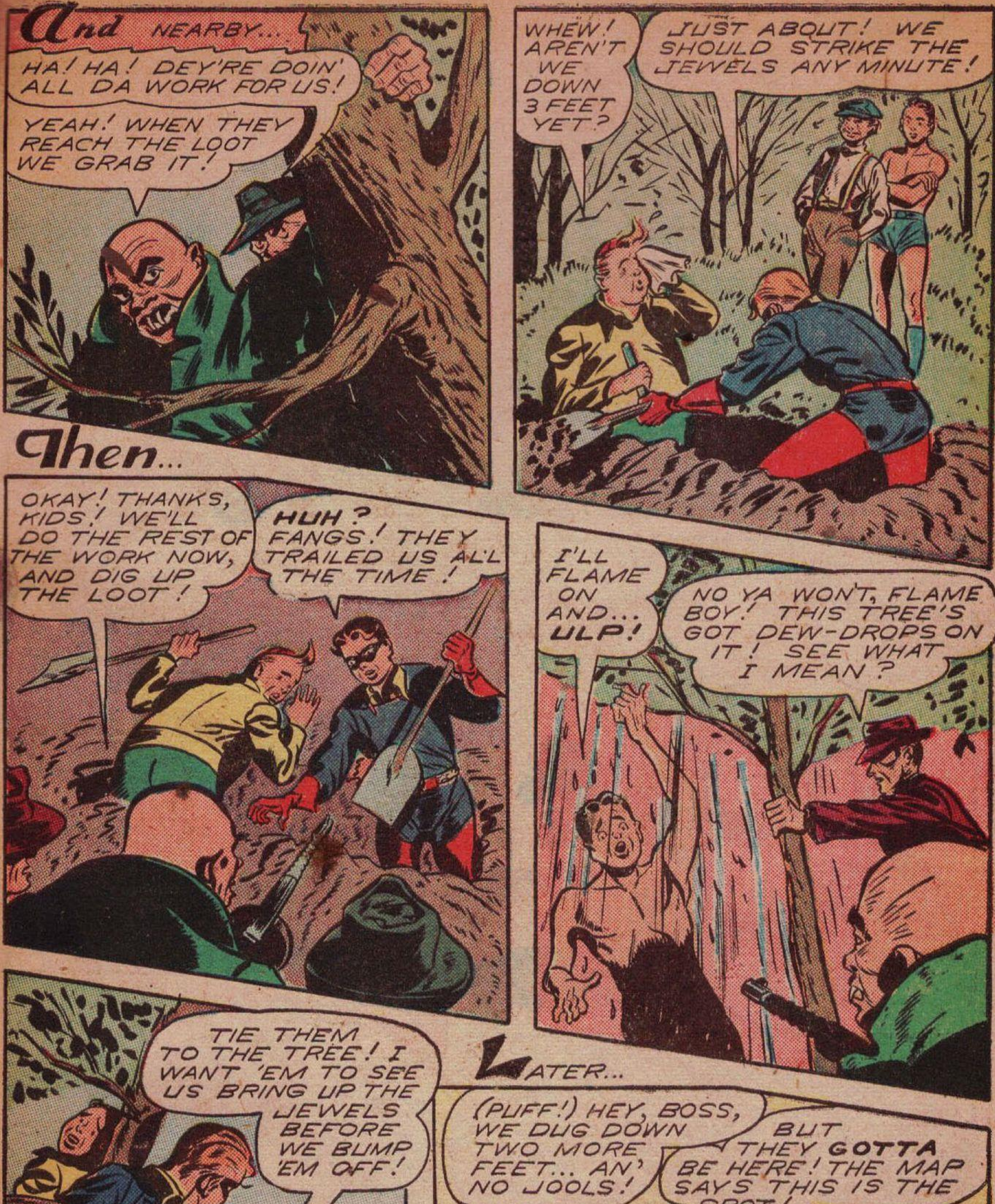
"JEWELS of DESPAIR!"


SOON, ON THE WAY HOME...
THERE'S THAT OLD ABANDONED HOUSE WE ALWAYS PASS!
THEY OUGHT TO TEAR IT DOWN! IT'S AN EYE-SORE!
SAY, FELLAS, LOOK! THERE'S A LIGHT IN THAT WINDOW! SOMEONE'S IN THE OLD HOUSE!
THAT'S FUNNY! LET'S GO SEE!
SECONDS LATER...
DERE'S SOMEONE IN DA NEXT ROOM!
I'LL PEEK THROUGH THE KEYHOLE!
WHAT BUCKY SEES AND HEARS...
HEY, FANGS, I DON'T SEE NUTTIN'! DIS IS A WASTE O' TIME!
SHADDUP! JUST KEEP SEARCHING!
THIS PLACE WAS THE HIDEOUT OF LIFTER LOUIE! TEN YEARS AGO HE PULLED A BIG ROBBERY AND THE COPS CORNERED HIM HERE AND SHOT HIM DEAD! THE COPS NEVER FOUND THE JEWELS, SO THEY GOTTA BE HERE!
BUT WE SEARCHED DIS PLACE TEN TIMES EVER SINCE LIFTER LOUIE WAS KILLED... AND NO JOOLS!
MAYBE HE HID THEM SOMEPLACE ELSE BEFORE HE CAME HERE AND GOT SHOT!

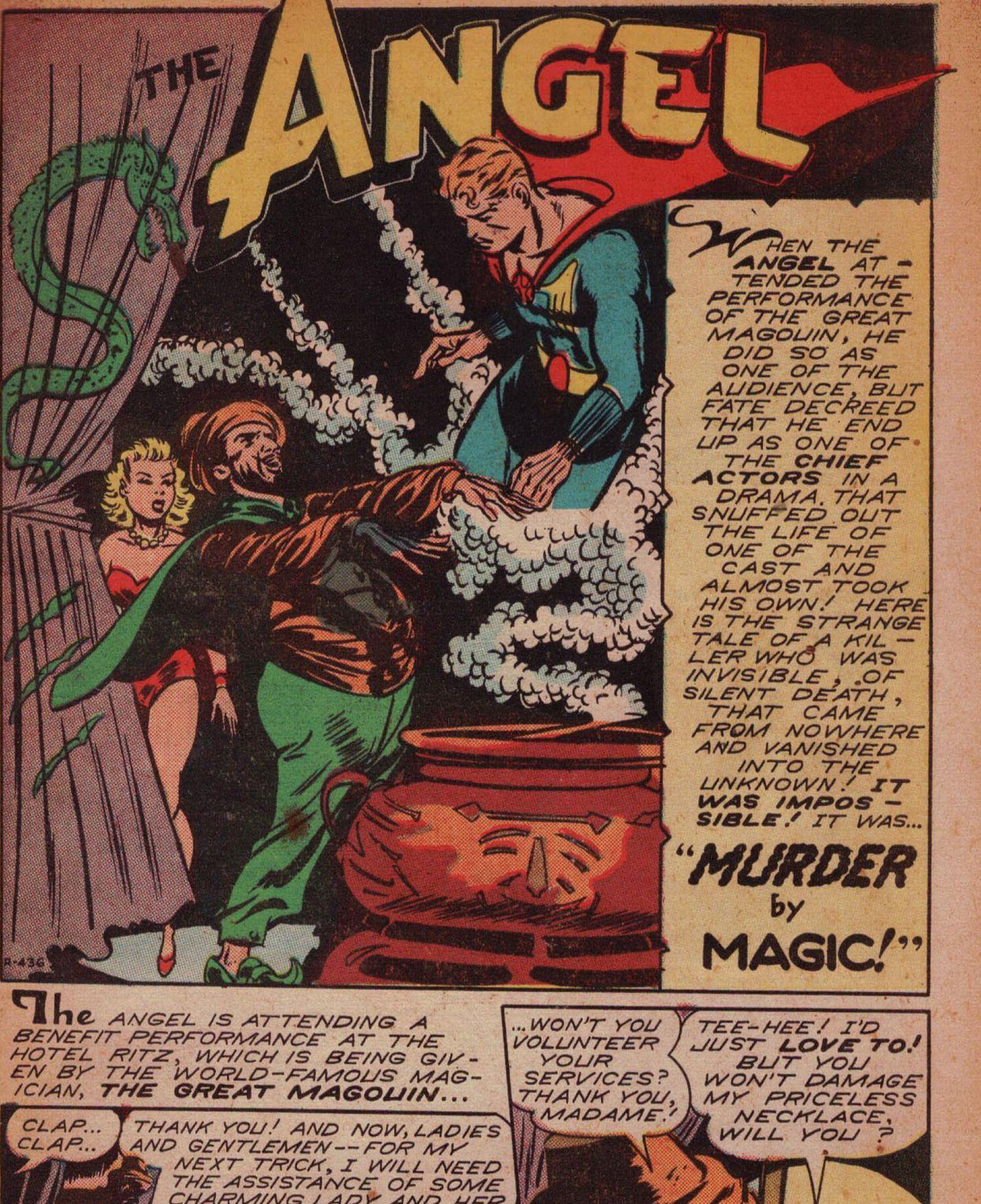
IT'S A CROOK NAMED FANGS AND HIS TWO HENCHMEN! THEY'RE SEARCHING FOR LOOT LEFT BY A JEWEL THIEF WHO WAS SHOT HERE TEN YEARS AGO!
CROOKS, EH? WAIT'LL I GRAB ME A BRICK AN' DEN LET'S WADE INTO DEM!
BUT IN PULLING AWAY THE BRICK, KNUCKLES HAS REVEALED A STRANGE THING IN A **HIDDEN** SPACE BEHIND THE OLD FIREPLACE...
HEY, LOOK... A PAPER ROLLED UP IN THERE!
HOLY SMOKE! IT'S A **MAP** LIFTER LOUIE MADE TO SHOW WHERE HE HID THE MISSING JEWELS! FELLAS, WE'VE STUMBLED ON THE VERY THING FANGS IS LOOKING FOR!
NORTH
BALANCING ROCK
50 PACES
DIG 3 FEET
OLD MILL
SUDDENLY!
WELL, HOW NICE OF YOU KIDS TO FIND IT FOR US! I THOUGHT I HEARD A NOISE! NOW I'LL TAKE THE PAPER, PUNKS!
(GULP!) **FANGS!**
BUT TORO FLAMES ON, AND...
DROP THOSE HOT GUNS!
YIII!
OWWW!
3

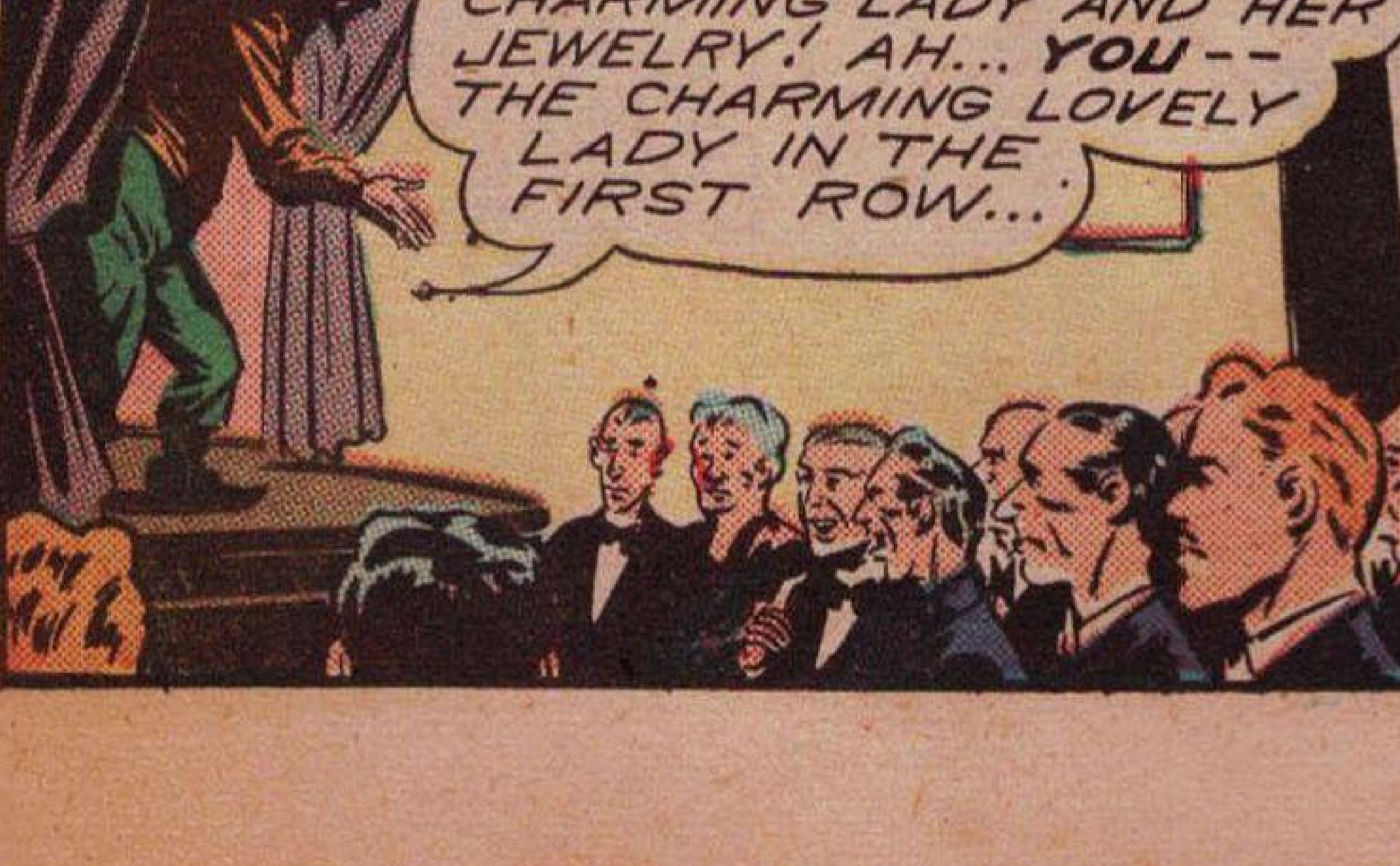
UP AN' AT 'EM, FELLAS! YAHOO!
RIGHT ON YOUR FANGS, FANGS!
I'M STILL GONNA USE DIS BRICK!
BUT THE WILY FANGS SUDDENLY PLAYS A CUNNING TRICK!
THESE FLASHLIGHTS WE DROPPED LIGHT UP THE ROOM! OUT THEY GO!
HEY! CAN'T SEE A THING!
THEY'LL GET AWAY IN THE DARK!
THEY'RE GONE!
WELL, THEY DIDN'T GET THE TREASURE MAP AWAY FROM US!

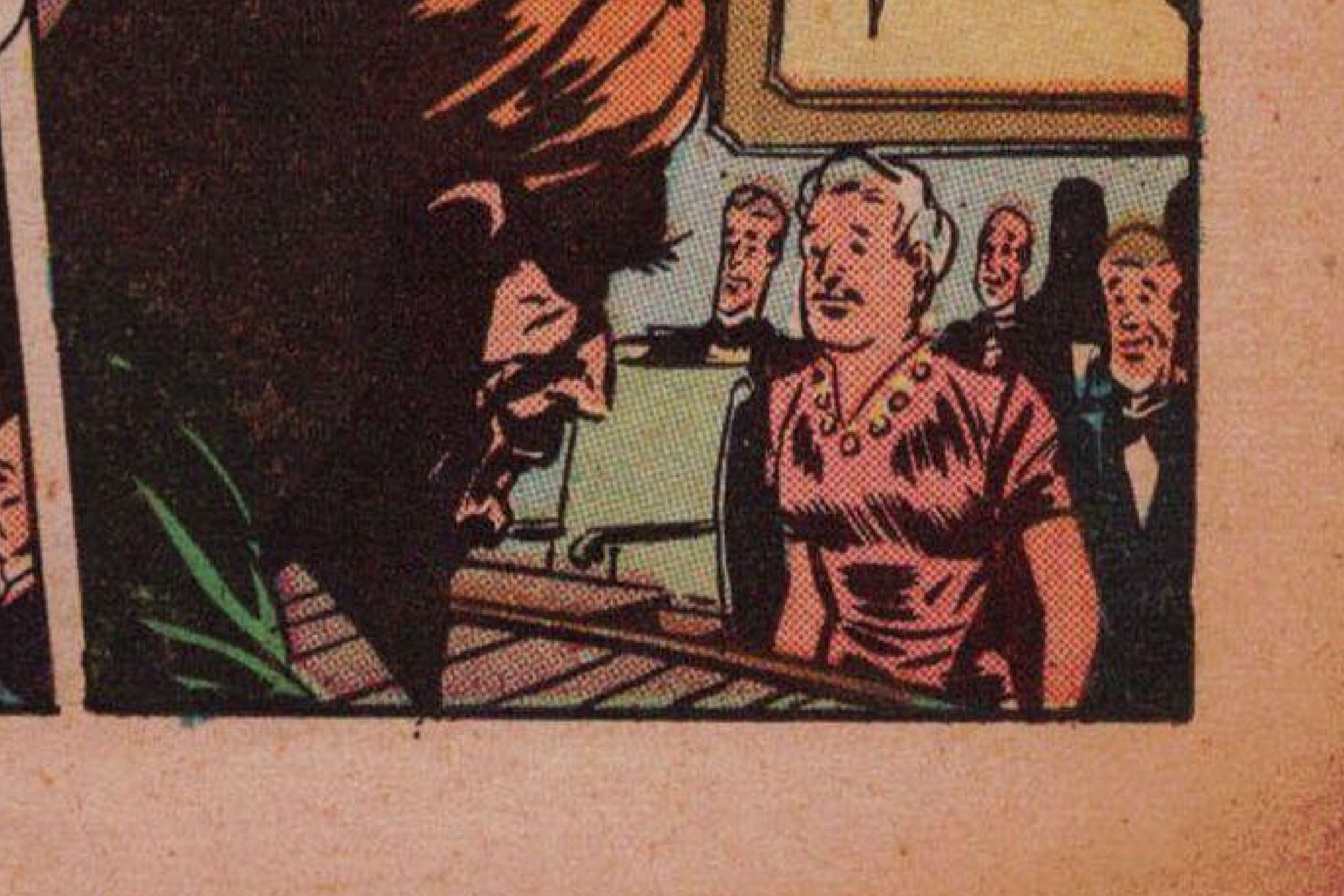
FELLAS, WE'RE GOING TO FIND THIS HIDDEN CACHE OF STOLEN JEWELS! THE DIRECTIONS STATE THAT FIRST YOU GO TO THE OLD MILL NORTH OF TOWN!
OH, BOY! A TREASURE-HUNT!
BUT THE BOYS ARE UNAWARE THAT FANGS AND HIS MEN HAVE **NOT** GONE AWAY...
WE'RE GONNA FOLLOW THEM! THEY'LL LEAD US TO THE LOOT! THEN WE GRAB IT! C'MON, BUT NO NOISE!
LATER, AFTER THE BOYS HAVE PICKED UP SOME SHOVELS...
DERE'S DA OLD MILL, BUCKY! NOW WHAT?
NOW WE GO DUE WEST UNTIL WE COME TO THE BALANCING ROCK!
SOON...
HERE'S THE BALANCING ROCK!
FROM HERE WE GO 50 PACES SOUTH!
47... 48... 49... 50... **OOF!**
TORO, YOU AND KNUCKLES DIG FOR AWHILE! TUBBY AND I WILL RELIEVE YOU! IT SAYS TO DIG DOWN THREE FEET!
5


And nearby...
HA! HA! DEY'RE DOIN' ALL DA WORK FOR US!
YEAH! WHEN THEY REACH THE LOOT WE GRAB IT!
WHEW! AREN'T WE DOWN 3 FEET YET?
JUST ABOUT! WE SHOULD STRIKE THE JEWELS ANY MINUTE!
Then...
OKAY! THANKS, KIDS! WE'LL DO THE REST OF THE WORK NOW, AND DIG UP THE LOOT!
HUH? FANGS! THEY TRAILED US ALL THE TIME!
I'LL FLAME ON AND... ULP!
NO YA WON'T, FLAME BOY! THIS TREE'S GOT DEW-DROPS ON IT! SEE WHAT I MEAN?
TIE THEM TO THE TREE! I WANT 'EM TO SEE US BRING UP THE JEWELS BEFORE WE BUMP 'EM OFF!
Later...
(PUFF!) HEY, BOSS, WE DUG DOWN TWO MORE FEET... AN' NO JOOLS!
BUT THEY GOTTA BE HERE! THE MAP SAYS THIS IS THE SPOT!

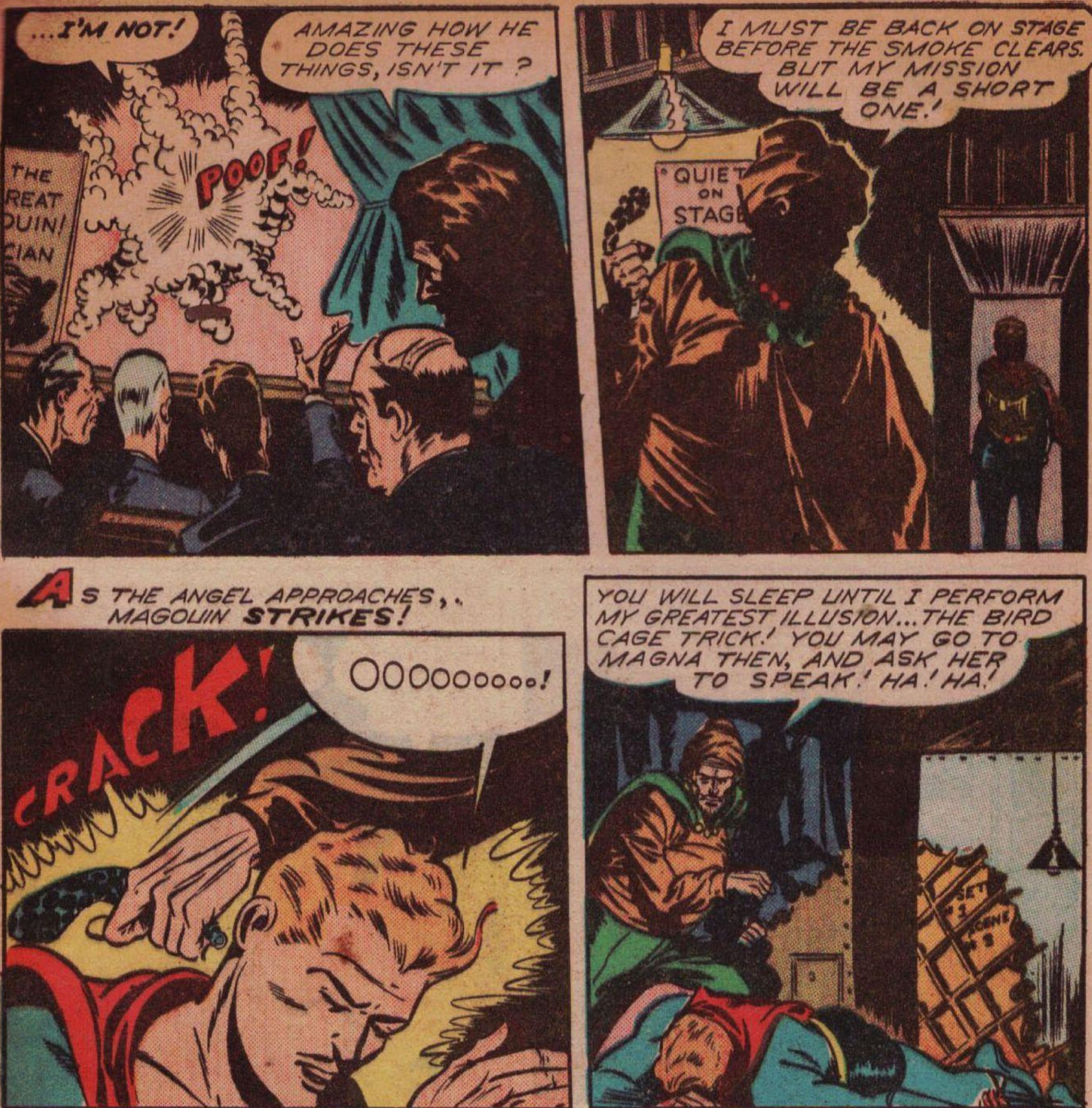
BUT MEANWHILE TORO HAS HAD TIME TO DRY OFF, AND...
MY FLAME'S ON AGAIN!
HE BURNED THE ROPE! WE'RE FREE! NOW LET'S GET THOSE LUGS!
IN A SUDDEN FURIOUS ATTACK THE BATTLING YOUNG ALLIES OVERWHELM THE SURPRISED CROOKS!
LET'S SEE YOU USE A MELTED MACHINE-GUN, FANGS!
DEY'RE LICKED! BUT WHERE'S DA JEWELS, BUCKY? MAYBE IT WAS A WILD GOOSE CHASE.!
HMM... I JUST GOT A CRAZY HUNCH! TORO, SPLIT THAT TREE OPEN WITH A FIRE-BALL!
I DON'T GET IT, BUCKY... BUT HERE GOES!
THE JEWELS... RIGHT IN THE HEART OF THE TREE!
SEE? LIFTER LOUIE BURIED THE JEWELS HERE! BUT A TREE GREW LATER, RIGHT AT THE SAME SPOT, AND PICKED UP THE JEWELS, AND NOW HERE THEY ARE, TEN YEARS LATER... BURIED IN THE TREE!
5¢
DAILY TIMES
FINAL
YOUNG ALLIES SOLVE TEN-YEAR OLD JEWEL MYSTERY!
THE END


THE ANGEL
WHEN THE ANGEL ATTENDED THE PERFORMANCE OF THE GREAT MAGOUIN, HE DID SO AS ONE OF THE AUDIENCE, BUT FATE DECREED THAT HE END UP AS ONE OF THE CHIEF ACTORS IN A DRAMA THAT SNUFFED OUT THE LIFE OF ONE OF THE CAST AND ALMOST TOOK HIS OWN! HERE IS THE STRANGE TALE OF A KILLER WHO WAS INVISIBLE, OF SILENT DEATH, THAT CAME FROM NOWHERE AND VANISHED INTO THE UNKNOWN! IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE! IT WAS...
"MURDER by MAGIC!"
R-436

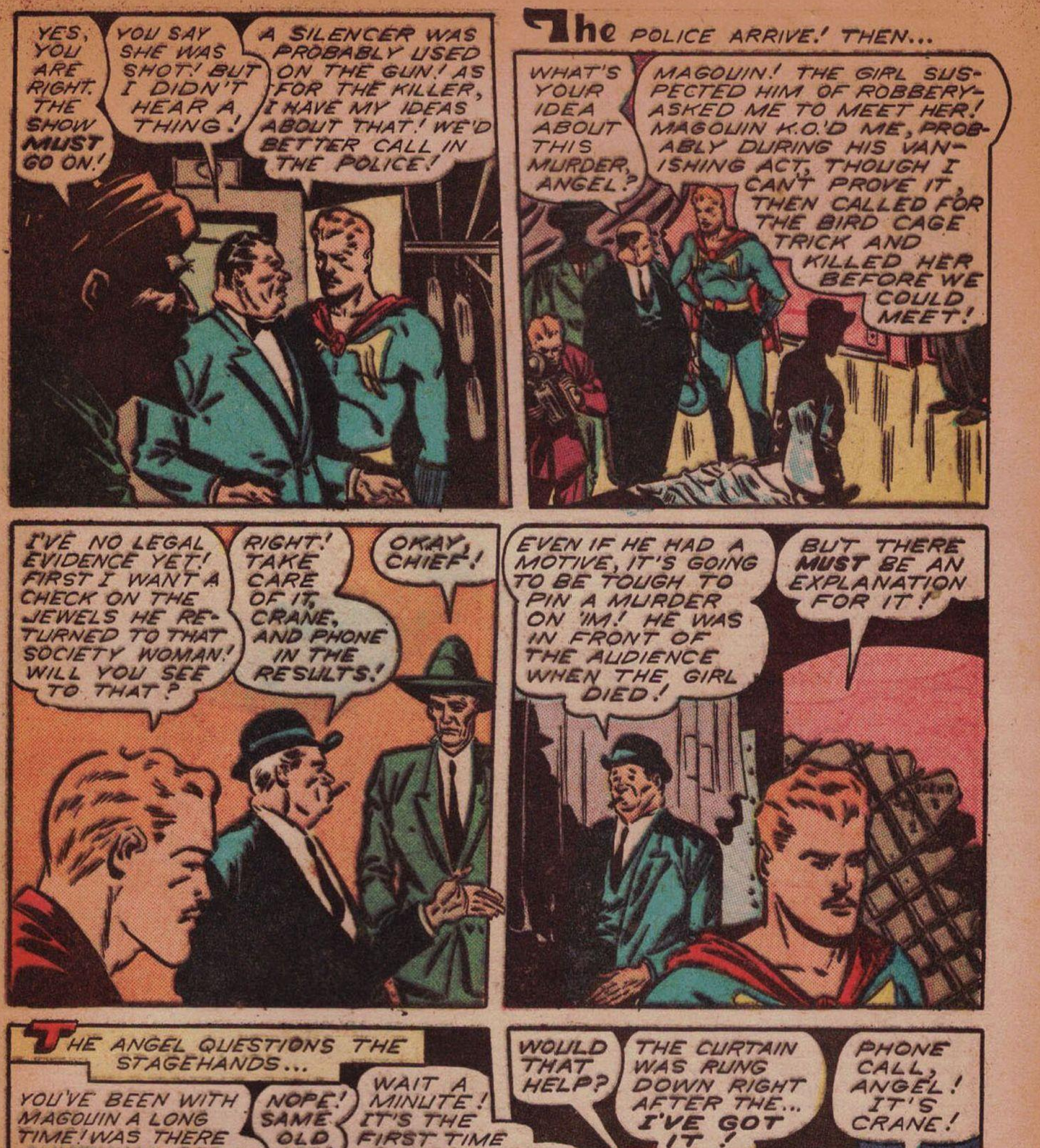

The ANGEL IS ATTENDING A BENEFIT PERFORMANCE AT THE HOTEL RITZ, WHICH IS BEING GIVEN BY THE WORLD-FAMOUS MAGICIAN, THE GREAT MAGOUIN...
CLAP... CLAP...
THANK YOU! AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN--FOR MY NEXT TRICK, I WILL NEED THE ASSISTANCE OF SOME CHARMING LADY AND HER JEWELRY! AH... YOU--THE CHARMING LOVELY LADY IN THE FIRST ROW...


...WON'T YOU VOLUNTEER YOUR SERVICES? THANK YOU, MADAME!
TEE-HEE! I'D JUST LOVE TO! BUT YOU WON'T DAMAGE MY PRICELESS NECKLACE, WILL YOU?

HA! HA! THE LADY ASKS IF WE'RE GOING TO DAMAGE HER JEWELS? DAMAGE? I'M GOING TO REDUCE THEM TO MERE **DUST**!
OHHHHH! MY JEWELS! MY LOVELY JEWELS!
ALL THIS GRIEF FOR A MERE BAUBLE? DEAR MADAME--IF THEY MEAN **THAT MUCH** TO YOU, THEN...
CRUNCH
...**PRESTO!** AND HERE THEY ARE--UNHARMED AND IN ALL THEIR MAGNIFICENCE!
M'MMM! CLEVER DEVIL! WONDER HOW HE DID IT?
WHILE BEHIND THE MAGICIAN, HIS ASSISTANT, MAGNA, CONFIRMS A SUSPICION AND ACTS...
I WISH YOU'D ENTERTAIN AT ONE OF MY PARTIES!
I'D LOVE TO! YES INDEED!
I'LL BET! **I** KNOW WHAT YOU'RE UP TO NOW, MAGOUIN! AND SO WILL THE ANGEL...
...WHEN HE GETS THIS NOTE!
Angel, Meet me backstage. I have proof that Magouin is a thief. Magna
LATER...
I SAW MAGNA HAND THAT NOTE TO THE STAGEHAND. SHE MUST SUSPECT AND IS PASSING HER SUSPICIONS ON TO THE ANGEL!
I MUST PREVENT HIM FROM SEEING HER!
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! MY NEXT TRICK IS MY MOST BAFFLING! ONE MOMENT I AM HERE BEFORE YOU, AND THE NEXT...
2


...I'M NOT!
AMAZING HOW HE DOES THESE THINGS, ISN'T IT ?
POOF!
THE REAT UIN! CIAN
I MUST BE BACK ON STAGE BEFORE THE SMOKE CLEARS. BUT MY MISSION WILL BE A SHORT ONE!
QUIET ON STAGE
AS THE ANGEL APPROACHES,. MAGOUIN STRIKES!
CRACK!
OOOOOOOOO!
YOU WILL SLEEP UNTIL I PERFORM MY GREATEST ILLUSION...THE BIRD CAGE TRICK! YOU MAY GO TO MAGNA THEN, AND ASK HER TO SPEAK! HA! HA!
MAGOUIN HURRIES ONSTAGE, AND AS THE SMOKE CLEARS, HE IS THERE FOR ALL TO SEE...
THANK YOU! AND NOW, WITH THE HELP OF MY LOVELY ASSISTANT, MAGNA, I GIVE YOU THE GREATEST ILLUSIONARY TRICK OF THEM ALL!
CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!
UGH-- MY HEAD!
YOU SEE MY ASSISTANT IN THIS GLASS COFFIN. SHE IS IN FULL VIEW OF THE AUDIENCE. NOW, WATCH CLOSELY! I SHALL MAKE HER...

...VANISH! SO.'
POOF
A VERY CLEVER MAN, MAGOUIN! I WONDER IF I CAN THANK HIS MAGIC FOR THE CRACK ON THE HEAD?
WELL! SHE'S DISAPPEARED! NOW, WHERE COULD SHE BE? AH, THERE SHE IS! ABOVE YOUR HEADS— LOOK!
BRAVO! BRAVO!
RING DOWN THE CURTAIN! THANK YOU, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!
AS THE CURTAIN BEGINS TO ROLL DOWN, MAGNA SUDDENLY SLUMPS...
WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE GIRL?
I DON'T KNOW, BUT I'M GOING TO FIND OUT!
Then...
SHE'S DEAD—MURDERED! SOMEONE SHOT HER THROUGH THE HEAD!
MURDERED? NO! NO! NOT MY MAGNA!
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER, MAGOUIN! YOU MUST GO ON WITH YOUR ACT! THE AUDIENCE MUST NOT SUSPECT THAT THERE IS TRAGEDY HERE!


YES, YOU ARE RIGHT. THE SHOW **MUST** GO ON!
YOU SAY SHE WAS SHOT! BUT I DIDN'T HEAR A THING!
A SILENCER WAS PROBABLY USED ON THE GUN! AS FOR THE KILLER, I HAVE MY IDEAS ABOUT THAT! WE'D BETTER CALL IN THE POLICE!
THE POLICE ARRIVE! THEN...
WHAT'S YOUR IDEA ABOUT THIS MURDER, ANGEL?
MAGOUIN! THE GIRL SUSPECTED HIM OF ROBBERY-ASKED ME TO MEET HER! MAGOUIN K.O.'D ME, PROBABLY DURING HIS VANISHING ACT, THOUGH I CAN'T PROVE IT, THEN CALLED FOR THE BIRD CAGE TRICK AND KILLED HER BEFORE WE COULD MEET!
I'VE NO LEGAL EVIDENCE YET! FIRST I WANT A CHECK ON THE JEWELS HE RETURNED TO THAT SOCIETY WOMAN! WILL YOU SEE TO THAT?
RIGHT! TAKE CARE OF IT, CRANE, AND PHONE IN THE RESULTS!
OKAY, CHIEF!
EVEN IF HE HAD A MOTIVE, IT'S GOING TO BE TOUGH TO PIN A MURDER ON 'IM! HE WAS IN FRONT OF THE AUDIENCE WHEN THE GIRL DIED!
BUT THERE **MUST** BE AN EXPLANATION FOR IT!
THE ANGEL QUESTIONS THE STAGEHANDS...
YOU'VE BEEN WITH MAGOUIN A LONG TIME! WAS THERE **ANYTHING** PECULIAR ABOUT HIS ACT TONIGHT?
NOPE! SAME OLD ACT!
WAIT A MINUTE! IT'S THE FIRST TIME HE ORDERED THE CURTAIN RUNG DOWN **RIGHT AFTER** THE CAGE-TRICK!
WOULD THAT HELP?
THE CURTAIN WAS RUNG DOWN RIGHT AFTER THE... **I'VE GOT IT!**
PHONE CALL, ANGEL! IT'S CRANE!

HELLO, CRANE! DID YOU GET AN APPRAISAL ON THE JEWELS? GOOD! THEY **WERE**, HUH?
THE JEWELS ARE PHONY! MAGOUIN TOOK THE WOMAN'S GENUINE JEWELS FOR HIS TRICK, PULLED A SWITCH AND HANDED HER BACK THE PHONIES! WE'VE GOT HIM ON THAT!
POST YOUR MEN AT ALL EXITS! I'VE GOT ONE MORE THING TO DO BEFORE WE WIND THIS CASE UP!
TO THE ROOF
A FEW MINUTES LATER, IN THE FLIES ABOVE THE STAGE...
AH, JUST AS I THOUGHT! HERE'S THE GUN, RIGGED TO FIRE WHEN THE CURTAIN'S RUNG DOWN! TRICKY DEVIL, THAT MAGOUIN!
BUT **I'VE** GOT A FEW TRICKS UP **MY SLEEVE**, ALSO!
MEANWHILE ON STAGE THE GREAT MAGOUIN GOES INTO THE LAST TRICK OF HIS PERFORMANCE...
AND NOW I LIFT THIS SEEMINGLY UNINTERESTING RUG AND REVEAL A BEAUTIFUL...
(GULP) THE **ANGEL**!
THE PERFORMANCE IS OVER, MAGOUIN! YOU'VE PLAYED YOUR LAST TRICK!
6

NOT QUITE, ANGEL!
WHOOF!
THIS WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD! EVERY EXIT FROM THE THEATRE IS SEALED!
AT LEAST I'LL GET YOU, ANGEL!
BANG!
HAH! I STILL HAVE THE UPPER HAND!
OOF!
WHERE IS YOUR MAGIC NOW, MAGOUIN?
WEEKS LATER, A MURDERER PAYS THE PENALTY FOR HIS CRIME, WHILE OVER HIM HOVERS A GRIM REMINDER OF JUSTICE...
THE END
... THE SHADOW OF THE ANGEL!

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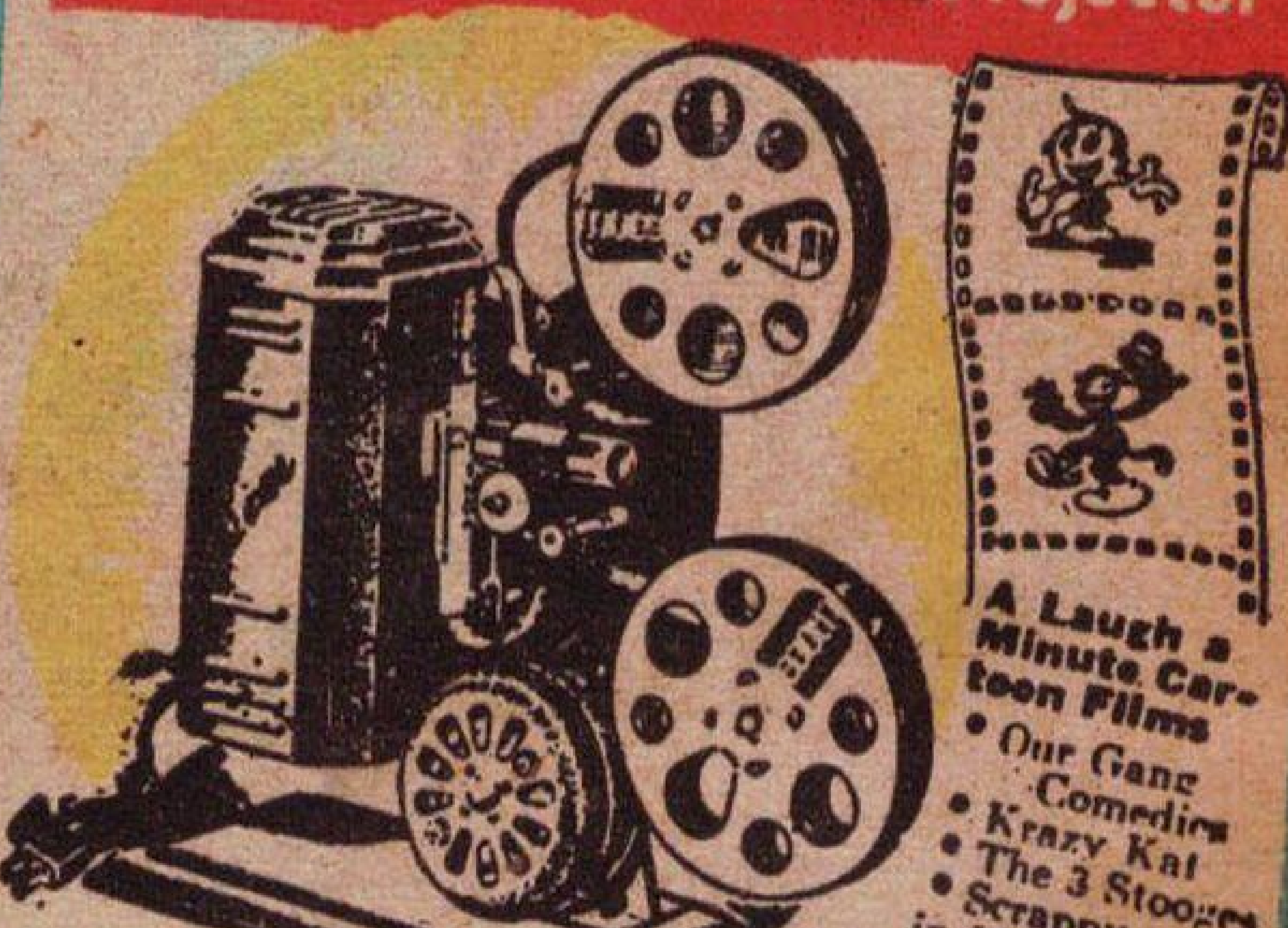

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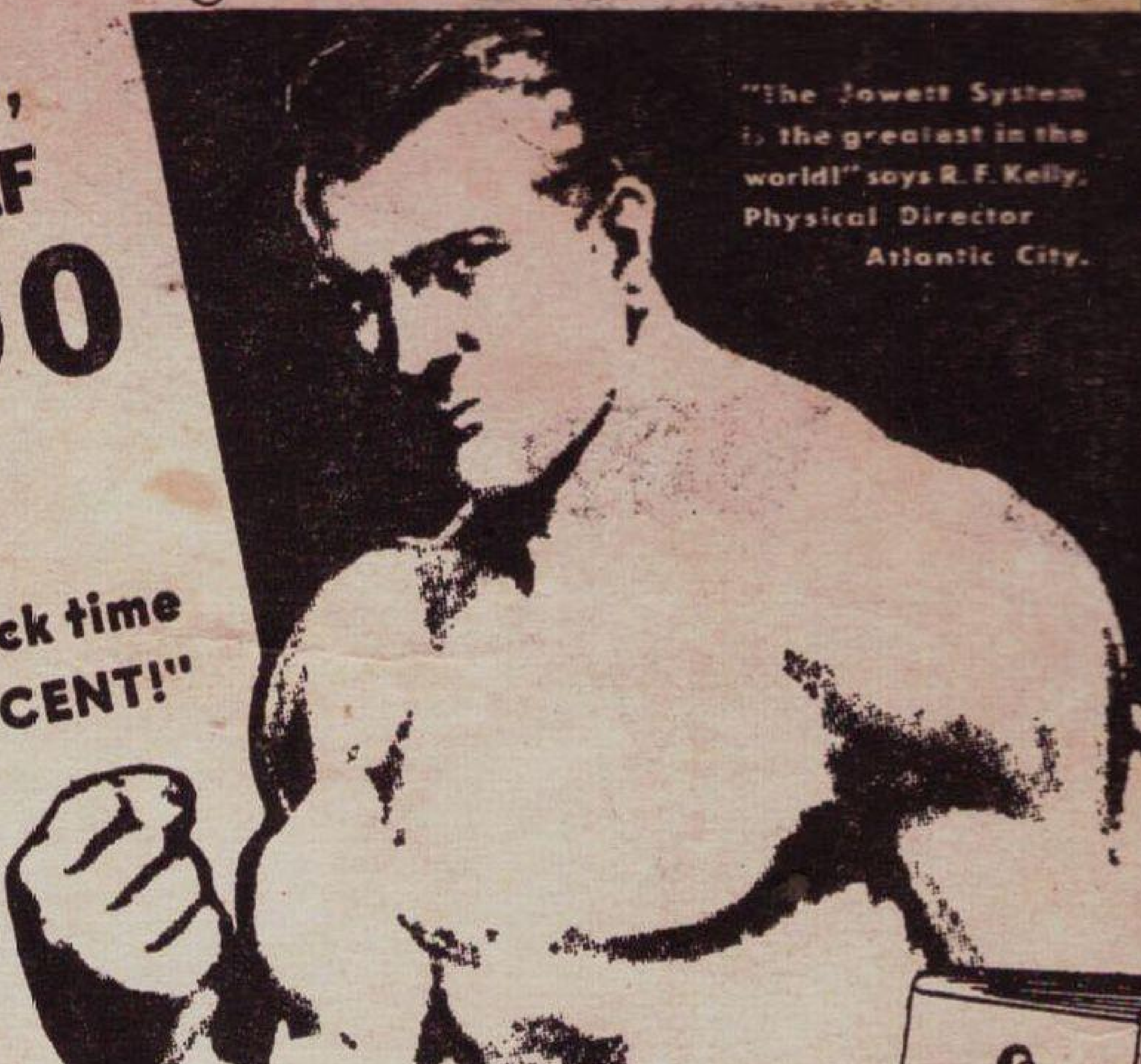

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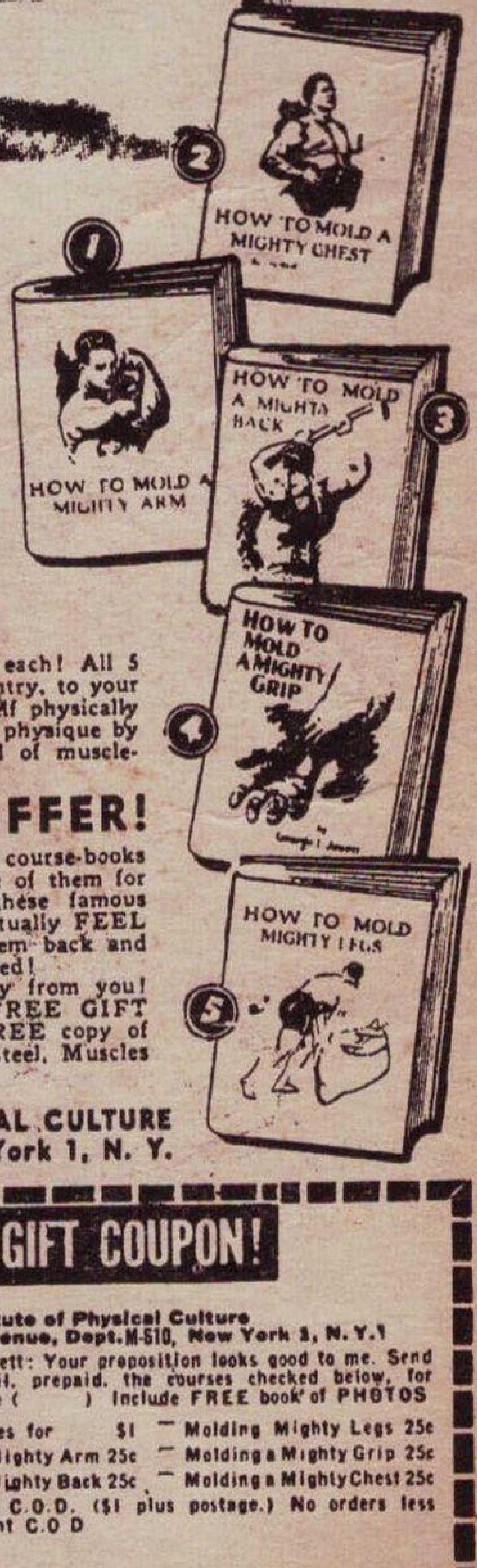

2
HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY CHEST
1
HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY ARM
HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTA BACK
3
HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY GRIP
4
HOW TO MOLD MIGHTY LEGS
5

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